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JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

POEMS

OF

RELIGION AND SOCIETY

BY

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

SIXTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, ETC.,

WITH

NOTICES OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER,

BY

JOHN DAVIS AND T. H. BENTON.

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CONTENTS.

	Page.
The Life of Mr. Adams, by the Hon. John Davis, . . .	7
The Character of Mr. Adams, by the Hon. T. H. Benton, . . .	12

POEMS.

The Wants of Man,	15
The Plague in the Forest,	24
To a Bereaved Mother,	29
Charles the Fifth's Clocks,	32
Retrospection,	36
To the Sun-dial, under the Window of the Hall of the House of Representatives of the United States,	38
The Thirteenth Satire of Juvenal,	39
Version of the One Hundred Seventh Psalm,	52
The Hour-glass,	54
Sabbath Morning,	56
The Death of Children,	58
Written in Sickness,	60
Hymn for the Twenty-second of December,	62
O God, with goodness all thy own,	64
Sing to Jehovah a new song,	65
O, all ye people, clap your hands,	67

Turn to the stars of heaven thine eyes,	69
O Lord my God! how great art thou!	71
O Lord, thy all-discerning eyes,	73
My soul, before thy Maker kneel,	75
For Thee in Zion waiteth praise,	77
My Shepherd is the Lord on high,	79
Send forth, O God, thy truth and light,	81
O judge me, Lord, for thou art just,	82
O heal me, Lord, for I am weak,	83
Blest is the mortal whose delight,	85
Why should I fear in evil days,	87
Come, let us sing unto the Lord,	89
Sing to the Lord a song of praise,	90
Lord of all Worlds,	92
✓ Justice—an Ode,	94
To Sally,	100
To E—— B——,	103
✓ To a Lady, who Presented him with a Pair of Knit Gloves,	105
✓ The Lip and the Heart,	107
Written in an Album,	108
✓ A Vision	109



PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

It is known to all the friends of the late ex-President Adams, that it was his custom from early manhood to devote his leisure moments to literature; and the fruits of his literary studies, when collected in an appropriate form, will show that he is entitled to high consideration among our authors. Among his poems are a translation * of Wieland's "Oberon" that has never been published. His "Dermot McMorrogh" failed of a just appreciation, on account of his political relations. Many of his minor pieces have wit, humor, grace, and tenderness, and they are all informed with wisdom and various learning. Some of his "hymns" are among the finest devotional lyrics in our language.

This collection of Mr. Adams' shorter poems is, of course, incomplete, having been made from the periodicals and miscellanies in which they were originally printed; but the editor has made it as perfect as his opportunities allowed, and he is confident that, in the absence of any other volume of the same kind, he has done an acceptable service to the reading public.

NEW YORK, Sept., 1848.

* See Griswold's "Prose writers of America," Article J. Q. Adams

lands. In May, 1796, two years after, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary at Lisbon, in Portugal. These honors were conferred on him by George Washington, with the advice and consent of the Senate.

In May, 1797, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of Prussia. In March, 1798, and probably while at Berlin, he was appointed a Commissioner, with full powers to negotiate a treaty of amity and commerce with Sweden.

After his return to the United States he was elected by the Legislature of Massachusetts a Senator, and discharged the duties of that station in this chamber from the 4th of March, 1803, until June, 1808, when, differing from his colleague and from the State upon a great political question, he resigned his seat. In June, 1809, he was nominated and appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. Petersburg.

While at that court, in February, 1811, he was appointed an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, to fill a vacancy occasioned by the death of Judge Cushing, but never took his seat upon the bench.

In May, 1813, he, with Messrs. Gallatin and Bayard, was nominated Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to negotiate a treaty of peace with Great Britain, under the mediation of Russia, and a treaty of commerce with Russia. From causes which it is unnecessary to notice, nothing was accomplished under this appointment. But afterward, in January, 1814, he, with Messrs. Gallatin, Bayard, Clay, and Russell, were appointed Ministers Plenipotentiary and Extraordinary to negotiate a treaty of peace, and a treaty of commerce with Great Britain. This mission succeeded in effecting a pacification, and the name of Mr. Adams is subscribed to the treaty of Ghent.

After this eventful crisis in our public affairs, he was, in February, 1815, selected by Mr. Madison to represent the country, and protect its interests, at the Court of St. James; and he remained there as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary until Mr. Monroe became President of the United States.

On the 5th of March, 1817, at the commencement of the new administration, he was appointed Secretary of State, and continued in the office while that gentleman was at the head of the administration.

In 1825, he was elected his successor, and discharged the duties of President for one term, ending on the third of March, 1829.

Here followed a brief period of repose from public service, and Mr. Adams retired to his family mansion at Quincy; but was elected a member of the House of Representatives, from the district in which he lived, at the next election which occurred after his return to it, and took his seat in December, 1831. He retained it, by successive elections, to the day of his death.

I have not ventured, on this occasion, beyond a bare enumeration of the high places of trust and confidence which have been conferred upon the deceased. The service covers a period of more than half a century; and what language can I employ which will portray more forcibly the great merits of the deceased, the confidence reposed in him by the public, or the ability with which he discharged the duties devolved upon him, than by this simple narration of recorded facts? An ambitious man could not desire a more emphatic eulogy.

Mr. Adams, however, was not merely a statesman, but a ripe, accomplished scholar, who, during a life of remarkably well-directed industry, made those great acquirements which adorned his character, and gave to it the manly strength of wisdom and intelligence.

As a statesman and patriot, he will rank among the illustrious men of an age prolific in great names, and greatly distinguished for its progress in civilization. The productions of his pen are proofs of a vigorous mind, imbued with a profound knowledge of what it investigates, and of a memory which was singularly retentive and capacious.

But his character is not made up of those conspicuous qualities alone. He will be remembered for the virtues of private life

for his elevated moral example, for his integrity, for his devotion to his duties as a Christian, as a neighbor, and as the head of a family. In all these relations, few persons have set a more steadfast or brighter example, and few have descended to the grave where the broken ties of social and domestic affection have been more sincerely lamented. Great as may be the loss to the public of one so gifted and wise, it is by the family that his death will be most deeply felt. His aged and beloved partner, who has so long shared the honors of his career, and to whom all who know her are bound by the ties of friendship will believe that we share her grief, mourn her bereavement and sympathize with her in her affliction.

It is believed to have been the earnest wish of his heart to die, like Chatham, in the midst of his labors. It was a sublime thought, that where he had toiled in the house of the nation, in hours of the day devoted to its service, the stroke of death should reach him, and there sever the ties of love and patriotism which bound him to earth. He fell in his seat, attacked by paralysis, of which he had before been a subject. To describe the scene which ensued would be impossible. It was more than the spontaneous gush of feeling which all such events call forth, so much to the honor of our nature. It was the expression of reverence for his moral worth, of admiration for his great intellectual endowments, and of veneration for his age and public services. All gathered round the sufferer, and the strong sympathy and deep feeling which were manifested, showed that the business of the House (which was instantly adjourned) was forgotten amid the distressing anxieties of the moment. He was soon removed to the apartment of the Speaker, where he remained, surrounded by afflicted friends, till the weary clay resigned its immortal spirit. "This is the end of earth!" Brief but emphatic words. They were among the last uttered by the dying Christian.

Thus has closed the life of one whose purity, patriotism, talents, and learning, have seldom been seriously questioned. To

say that he had faults, would only be declaring that he was human. Let him who is exempt from error, venture to point them out. In this long career of public life, it would be strange if the venerable man had not met with many who have differed from him in sentiment, or who have condemned his acts. If there be such, let the mantle of oblivion be thrown over each unkind thought. Let not the grave of the "old man eloquent" be desecrated by unfriendly remembrances, but let us yield our homage to his many virtues, and let it be our prayer that we may so perform our duties here, that, if summoned in a like sudden and appalling manner, we may not be found unprepared or unable to utter his words, "I am composed."



THE CHARACTER OF MR ADAMS

BY THE HON. T. H. BENTON.

THE voice of his native State has been heard, through one of the Senators of Massachusetts, announcing the death of her aged and most distinguished son. It is not unfitting or unbecoming in me to second the motion which has been made, for extending the last honors of the Senate to him who, forty-five years ago, was a member of this body, who, at the time of his death, was among the oldest members of the House of Representatives, and who, putting the years of his service together, was the oldest of all the members of the American government.

The eulogium of Mr. Adams is made in the facts of his life, which the Senator from Massachusetts has so strikingly stated, that, from early manhood to octogenarian age, he has been constantly and most honorably employed in the public service. For a period of more than fifty years, from the time of his first appointment as minister abroad under Washington, to his last election to the House of Representatives by the people of his native district, he has been constantly retained in the public service; and that, not by the favor of a sovereign, or by hereditary title, but by the elections and appointments of republican government. This fact makes the eulogy of the illustrious deceased. For what, except a union of all the qualities which command the esteem and confidence of man, could have ensured a public service so long, by appointments free and popular, and from sources so various and exalted? Minister many times abroad; member of this body; member of the House of Representatives; cabi

net minister ; President of the United States ; such has been the galaxy of his splendid appointments. And what but moral excellence the most perfect ; intellectual ability the most eminent ; fidelity the most unwavering ; service the most useful ; could have commanded such a succession of appointments so exalted, from sources so various and so eminent ? Nothing less could have commanded such a series of appointments ; and accordingly we see the union of all these great qualities in him who has received them.

In this long career of public service, Mr. Adams was distinguished not only by faithful attention to all the great duties of his stations, but to all their less and minor duties. He was not the Salaminian galley, to be launched only on extraordinary occasions, but he was the ready vessel, always launched when the duties of his station required it, be the occasion great or small. As President, as cabinet minister, as minister abroad, he examined all questions that came before him, and examined all, in all their parts, in all the minutiae of their detail, as well as in all the vastness of their comprehension. As Senator, and as a member of the House of Representatives, the obscure committee-room was as much the witness of his laborious application to the drudgery of legislation, as the halls of the two Houses were to the ever ready speech, replete with knowledge, which instructed all hearers, enlightened all subjects, and gave dignity and ornament to debate.

In the observance of all the proprieties of life, Mr. Adams was a most noble and impressive example. He cultivated the minor as well as the greater virtues. Wherever his presence could give aid and countenance to what was useful and honorable to man, there he was. In the exercises of the school and of the college—in the meritorious meetings of the agricultural, mechanical, and commercial societies—in attendance upon divine worship—he gave the punctual attendance rarely seen but in those who are free from the weight of public cares.

Punctual to every duty, death found him at the post of duty ;

and where else could it have found him, at any stage of his career, for the fifty years of his illustrious public life? From the time of his first appointment by Washington to his last election by the people of his native town, where could death have found him but at the post of duty? At that post, in the fullness of age, in the ripeness of renown, crowned with honors, surrounded by his family, his friends, and admirers, and in the very presence of the national representation, he has been gathered to his fathers, leaving behind him the memory of public services which are the history of his country for half a century, and the example of a life, public and private, which should be the study and the model of the generations of his countrymen.



P O E M S .

THE WANTS OF MAN.*

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."—*Goldsmith's Hermit.*

I.

"MAN wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
'Tis not with ME exactly so,
But 'tis so in the song.
MY wants are many, and if told
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

* It was written under these circumstances:—General Ogle informed Mr. Adams that several young ladies in his district had requested him to procure Mr. A.'s autograph for them. In accordance with this request, Mr. Adams wrote the following beautiful poem upon "The Wants of Man," each stanza upon a sheet of note paper.

II.

What first I want is daily bread,
And canvas backs and wine;
And all the realms of nature spread
Before me when I dine.
Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell,
With four choice cooks from France, beside,
To dress my dinner well.

III.

What next I want, at heavy cost,
Is elegant attire;—
Black sable furs, for winter's frost,
And silks for summer's fire,
And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace
My bosom's front to deck,
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

IV.

And then I want a mansion fair,
A dwelling house, in style,
Four stories high, for wholesome air—
A massive marble pile;
With halls for banquets and balls,
All furnished rich and fine;
With stabled studs in fifty stalls,
And cellars for my wine.

V.

I want a garden and a park,
My dwelling to surround—
A thousand acres (bless the mark),
With walls encompassed round—
Where flocks may range and herds may low,
And kids and lambkins play,
And flowers and fruits commingled grow,
All Eden to display.

VI.

I want, when summer's foliage falls,
And autumn strips the trees,
A house within the city's walls,
For comfort and for ease.
But here, as space is somewhat scant,
And acres somewhat rare,
My house in town I only want
To occupy—a square.

VII.

I want a steward, butler, cooks;
A coachman, footman, grooms,
A library of well-bound books,
And picture-garnished rooms;
Corregios, Magdalen, and Night,
The matron of the chair;
Guido's fleet coursers in their flight,
And Claudes at least a pair.

VIII.

I want a cabinet profuse
Of medals, coins, and gems;
A printing press, for private use,
Of fifty thousand EMS;
And plants, and minerals, and shells;
Worms, insects, fishes, birds;
And every beast on earth that dwells
In solitude or herds.

IX.

I want a board of burnished plate,
Of silver and of gold;
Tureens of twenty pounds in weight,
With sculpture's richest mould;
Plateaus, with chandeliers and lamps,
Plates, dishes—all the same;
And porcelain vases, with the stamps
Of Sevres, Angouleme.

X.

And maples, of fair glossy stain,
Must form my chamber doors,
And carpets of the Wilton grain
Must cover all my floors;
My walls, with tapestry bedeck'd,
Must never be outdone;
And damask curtains must protect
Their colors from the sun.

XI.

And mirrors of the largest pane
From Venice must be brought;
And sandal-wood, and bamboo cane,
For chairs and tables bought;
On all the mantel-pieces, clocks
Of thrice-gilt bronze must stand,
And screens of ebony and box
Invite the stranger's hand.

XII.

I want (who does not want ?) a wife,
Affectionate and fair,
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share ;
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm, yet placid mind,
With all my faults to love me still,
With sentiment refin'd.

XIII.

And as Time's car incessant runs,
And Fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons
From eight to half a score.
I want (alas ! can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave ?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair—
The boys all wise and brave.

XIV.

And when my bosom's darling sings,
With melody divine,
A pedal harp of many strings
Must with her voice combine.
A piano, exquisitely wrought,
Must open stand, apart,
That all my daughters may be taught
To win the stranger's heart.

XV.

My wife and daughters will desire
Refreshment from perfumes,
Cosmetics for the skin require,
And artificial blooms.
The civit fragrance shall dispense,
And treasur'd sweets return;
Cologne revive the flagging sense,
And smoking amber burn.

XVI.

And when at night my weary head
Begins to droop and dose, .
A southern chamber holds my bed,
For nature's soft repose;
With blankets, counterpanes, and sheet,
Mattrass, and bed of down,
And comfortables for my feet,
And pillows for my crown.

XVII.

I want a warm and faithful friend,
To cheer the adverse hour,
Who ne'er to flatter will descend,
Nor bend the knee to power ;
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see ;
And that my friendship prove as strong
For him, as his for me.

XVIII.

I want a kind and tender heart,
For others wants to feel ;
A soul secure from Fortune's dart,
And bosom arm'd with steel ;
To bear divine chastisement's rod.
And mingling in my plan,
Submission to the will of God,
With charity to man.

XIX.

I want a keen, observing eye,
An ever-listening ear,
The truth through all disguise to spy,
And wisdom's voice to hear ;
A tongue, to speak at virtue's need,
In Heaven's sublimest strain ;
And lips, the cause of man to plead,
And never plead in vain.

XX.

I want uninterrupted health,
Throughout my long career,
And streams of never-failing wealth,
To scatter far and near ;
The destitute to clothe and feed,
Free bounty to bestow ;
Supply the helpless orphan's need,
And soothe the widow's woe.

XXI.

I want the genius to conceive,
The talents to unfold,
Designs, the vicious to retrieve,
The virtuous to uphold ;
Inventive power, combining skill,
A persevering soul,
Of human hearts to mould the will,
And reach from pole to pole.

XXII.

I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command,
Charged by the people's unbought grace,
To rule my native land.
Nor crown, nor sceptre would I ask
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
Her cup of bliss to fill.

XXIII.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days
The friend of human kind ;
That after ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim,
In choral union to the skies,
Their blessings on my name

XXIV.

These are the wants of mortal man ;
I cannot want them long,
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss a song.
My last great want, absorbing all,
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summon'd to my final call,
The mercy of my God.

XXV.

And oh ! while circles in my veins
Of life the purple stream,
And yet a fragment small remains
Of nature's transient dream, —
My soul, in humble hope unscar'd,
Forget not thou to pray,
That this thy WANT may be prepared
To meet the Judgment Day.

THE PLAGUE IN THE FOREST.

TIME was, when round the lion's den,
A peopled city raised its head ;
'Twas not inhabited by men,
But by four-footed beasts instead.
The lynx, the leopard, and the bear,
The tiger and the wolf, were there ;
The hoof-defended steed ;
The bull, prepared with horns to gore,
The cat with claws, the tusky boar,
And all the canine breed.

In social compact thus combined,
Together dwelt the beasts of prey ;
Their murderous weapons all resigned,
And vowed each other not to slay.
Among them Reynard thrust his phiz ;
Not hoof, nor horn, nor tusk was his,
For warfare all unfit ;
He whispered to the royal dunce,
And gained a settlement at once ;
His weapon was,—his wit.

One summer, by some fatal spell,
 (Phœbus was peevish for some scoff,)
The plague upon that city fell,
 And swept the beasts by thousands off.
The lion, as became his part,
Loved his own people from his heart,
 And taking counsel sage,
His peerage summoned to advise
And offer up a sacrifice,
 To soothe Apollo's rage.

Quoth lion, " We are sinners all,
 And even it must be confessed,
If among sheep I chance to fall,—
 I, I am guilty as the rest.
To me the sight of lamb is curst,
It kindles in my throat a thirst,—
 I struggle to refrain,—
Poor innocent ! his blood so sweet !
His flesh so delicate to eat !
 I find resistance vain.

" Now to be candid, I must own
 The sheep are weak and I am strong,
But when we find ourselves alone,
 The sheep have never done me wrong.
And, since I purpose to reveal
All my offences, nor conceal

One trespass from your view ;
My appetite is made so keen,
That with the sheep the time has been
I took,—the shepherd too.

“ Then let us all our sins confess,
And whosoever the blackest guilt,
To ease my people's deep distress,
Let *his* atoning blood be spilt.
My own confession now you hear,
Should none of deeper dye appear,
Your sentence freely give ;
And if on me should fall the lot,
Make me the victim on the spot,
And let my people live.”

The council with applauses rung,
To hear the Codrus of the wood ;
Though still some doubt suspended hung,
If he would make his promise good,—
Quoth Reynard,—“ Since the world was made,
Was ever love like this displayed ?
Let us like subjects true
Swear, as before your feet we fall,
Sooner than you should die for all,
We all will die for you.

“ But please your majesty, I deem,
Submissive to your royal grace,

You hold in far too high esteem
That paltry, poltroon, sheepish race ;
For oft, reflecting in the shade,
I ask myself why sheep were made
By all-creating power ?
And howsoe'er I tax my mind,
This the sole reason I can find,
For lions to devour.

“ And as for eating now and then,
As well the shepherd as the sheep,—
How can that braggart breed of men
Expect with you the peace to keep ?
'Tis time their blustering boast to stem,
That all the world was made for them,
And prove creation's plan ;
Teach them by evidence profuse
That man was made for lion's use,
Not lions made for man.”

And now the noble peers begin,
And, cheered with such examples bright,
Disclosing each his secret sin,
Some midnight murder brought to light
Reynard was counsel for them all,
No crime the assembly could appal,
But *he* could botch with paint :
Hark ! as his honeyed accents roll,
Each tiger is a gentle soul :
Each blood-hound is a saint.

When each had told his tale in turn,
The long-eared beast of burden came
And meekly said, " My bowels yearn
To make confession of my shame ;
But I remember on a time
I passed, not thinking of a crime,
A haystack on my way :
His lure some tempting devil spread,
I stretched across the fence my head,
And cropped,—a lock of hay."

" Oh, monster ! villain !" Reynard cried,—
" No longer seek the victim, sire ;
Nor why your subjects thus have died,
To expiate Apollo's ire."
The council with one voice decreed ;
All joined to execrate the deed,—
" What, steal another's grass !"
The blackest crime *their* lives could show,
Was washed as white as virgin snow ;
The victim was,—The Ass.



TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

SURE, to the mansions of the blest
When *infant* innocence ascends,
Some angel, brighter than the rest,
The spotless spirit's flight attends.
On wings of ecstasy they rise,
Beyond where worlds material roll ;
Till some fair sister of the skies
Receives the unpolluted soul.

That inextinguishable beam,
With dust united at our birth,
Sheds a more dim, discolored gleam
The more it lingers upon earth.
Closed in this dark abode of clay,
The stream of glory faintly burns :—
Not unobserved, the lucid ray
To its own native fount returns.

But when the LORD of mortal breath
Decrees his bounty to resume,
And points the silent shaft of death
Which speeds an infant to the tomb—

No passion fierce, nor low desire,
Has quenched the radiance of the flame;
Back to its God the living fire
Reverts, unclouded as it came.

Fond mourner! be that solace thine!
Let hope her healing charm impart,
And soothe, with melodies divine,
The anguish of a mother's heart.
O, think! the darlings of thy love,
Divested of this earthly clod,
Amid unnumber'd saints above,
Bask in the bosom of their God.

Of their short pilgrimage on earth
Still tender images remain:
Still, still they bless thee for their birth,
Still filial gratitude retain.
Each anxious care, each rending sigh,
That wrung for them the parent's breast,
Dwells on remembrance in the sky,
Amid the raptures of the blest.

O'er thee, with looks of love, they bend;
For thee the LORD of life implore;
And oft, from sainted bliss descend,
Thy wounded quiet to restore.

Oft, in the stillness of the night,
They smooth the pillow of thy bed ;
Oft, till the morn's returning light,
Still watchful hover o'er thy head.

Hark ! in such strains as saints employ,
They whisper to thy bosom peace ;
Calm the perturbed heart to joy,
And bid the streaming sorrow cease.
Then dry, henceforth, the bitter tear :
Their part and thine inverted see :—
Thou wert their guardian angel here, —
They guardian angels now to thee.



CHARLES THE FIFTH'S CLOCKS.

WITH Charles the Fifth art thou acquainted, reader ?
Of Ferdinand and Isabel the grandson,
In ages past of Europe's realms file leader,
Among the mightiest of all ages, one.
Spain, Germany, his sceptre swayed,
With feet victorious over France he trod,
Afric' and Italy his laws obeyed,
And either India trembled at his nod.
Well, reader, this same monarch mighty,
Like many of his stamp before,
Down to the latest of the set
Whose names I leave in blank, as yet !
And with Napoleon you may fill,
Or Alexander, as you will ;
Charles, seated upon all his thrones,
With all his crowns upon his head,
Built piles on piles of human bones,
As if he meant to reign the sovereign of the dead.
He kept the world in uproar forty years,
And waded bloody oceans through ;
Feasted on widows' and on orphans' tears,
And cities sacked, and millions slew.

And all the pranks of conquering heroes play'd,
A master workman at the royal trade,
The recipe approved time out of mind,
To win the hearts of all mankind.
But heroes, too, get weary of their trade ;
Charles had a conscience, and grew old ;
The gout sometimes an ugly visit paid ;
A voice within unwelcome stories told,
That heroes, just like common men,
One day must die ; and then
Of what might happen Charles was sore afraid.
Of Charles's wars, need little here be said ;
Their causes were ambition, avarice, pride,
Despotic empire o'er the world to spread,
Revenge on Francis, who proclaimed *he lied*,
And chiefly Luther's heresies to quell ;
To prove the wrong of Reformation
With fire, and sword, and desolation,
And save the souls of Protestants from hell.
But when the humor came to save his own,
Charles stripp'd off all his royal robes,
Dismissed his double globes,
Cast down his crowns, descended from his throne,
And with St. Jerome's monks retired, to die alone.
Charles had a maggot in the mind,
Restless, that needs must be of something thinking,
And now, to keep his spirits from sinking,
Employment often at a loss to find,
Much of his time he spent in prayer ;

In penance for his evil deeds,
In saying masses, and in telling beads ;
In self-chastisement, till he bled
A drop for every ton of others shed ;
And much his little garden claim'd his care,
In planting cabbages and plucking seeds ;
But these were simple occupations,
And Charles, so long in empire's toils immers'd,
So deep in all their intricacies vers'd,
Some pastime needed, full of complications.
So long his study had been *man*,
His sport, his victim, *man*, of flesh and blood,
That now with art mechanic he began
To fashion manakins of wood.
Soon he became a skilful mechanic,
And made his mimic men with so much art,
They made St. Jerome's friars start,
And think their royal master a magician,
Leagued with the mother of all evil ;
Like Dr. Faustus, soul-bound to the devil.
At last the fancy seized his brain,
Of perfect instruments for keeping time.
Watches and clocks he made, but all in vain ;
He never could succeed to make them chime.
With choice chronometers he lin'd his cell ;
No two at once would ever ring the bell.
Now mark the moral of my tale,
Which flash'd in sunbeams upon Charles's soul ;
When he whose chisel could prevail

Man's outward actions to control,
So that his puppets seemed as good
As living men, though made of wood,
Yet ever baffled found his skill
To mould two watches to his will.
He smote his bosom with a sigh,
Exclaiming, "What a dolt was I,
By force constraining men to think alike,
And cannot make two clocks together strike!"



RETROSPECTION.

WHEN life's fair dream has passed away
To three score years and ten,
Before we turn again to clay
The lot of mortal men,
'Tis wise a backward eye to cast
On life's revolving scene,
With calmness to review the past
And ask what we have been.

The cradle and the mother's breast
Have vanish'd from the mind,
Of joys the sweetest and the best,
Nor left a trace behind.
Maternal tenderness and care
Were lavished all in vain—
Of bliss, whatever was our share
No vestiges remain.

Far distant, like a beacon light
On ocean's boundless waste,
A single spot appears in sight
Yet indistinctly traced.

Some mimic stage's thrilling cry,
Some agony of fear,
Some painted wonder to the eye,
Some trumpet to the ear.

These are the first events of life
That fasten on the brain,
And through the world's incessant strife
Indelible remain.
They form the link with ages past
From former worlds a gleam ;
With murky vapors overcast,
The net-work of a dream.

4



TO THE SUN-DIAL,

UNDER THE WINDOW OF THE HALL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENT
ATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES.

THOU silent herald of Time's silent flight !

Say, could'st thou speak, what warning voice were thine ?

Shade, who canst only show how others shine !

Dark, sullen witness of resplendent light

In day's broad glare, and when the moontide bright

Of laughing fortune sheds the ray divine,

Thy ready favors cheer us—but decline

The clouds of morning and the gloom of night.

Yet are thy counsels faithful, just, and wise ;

They bid us seize the moments as they pass—

Snatch the retrieveless sunbeam as it flies,

Nor lose one sand of life's revolving glass—

Aspiring still, with energy sublime,

By virtuous deeds to give eternity to Time.



THE THIRTEENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.*

FROM Virtue's paths, when hapless men depart,
The first avenger is the culprit's heart ;
There sits a judge, from whose severe decree
No strength can rescue, and no speed can flee ;
A judge, unbiass'd by the quibbling tribe !
A judge, whom India's treasures cannot bribe.

Calvin, what thinkest thou the world will say,
To see thy faithless friend his trust betray ?
Yet, to thy fortune, is the breach but small ;
Thy purse will scarcely feel the loss at all ;
Nor are examples of such baseness rare !
'Tis what in common with thee thousands bear ;
A single drop of water from the deep !
A single grain from fortune's boundless heap.

Excessive sorrow let us then restrain :
A *man* should measure by the wound his pain !

* THE ARGUMENT.—Calvinus had deposited a sum of money in the hands of a friend, who, upon being required to restore it, denied having ever received the trust. Calvinus appears to have been too much affected at this incident, and Juvenal addressed to him this Satire, containing topics of consolation to Calvinus for his loss, and of reproof for the extreme sensibility he had manifested upon the occasion.

Though keen thy sense, the smallest ill to meet,
Must thy blood boil to find thy friend a cheat ?
The sacred trust committed he denies—
But, at thy age, can treachery surprise ?
When threescore winters thou hast left behind,
To long experience art thou still so blind ?

Great, and prevailing is the sacred lore,
Which Wisdom, Fortune's victress, has in store ;
But *we* consider likewise those as blest,
Who meet the woes of life with placid breast ;
Bred in life's school, who bend beneath her sway,
Nor from her yoke would draw their necks away.

Is there a day so festive through the year,
But frequent frauds and perfidies appear ?
A single day, but sees triumphant vice
With lurking dagger, or with loaded dice ?

Small is the train who honor's path pursue ;
The friends of virtue are a chosen few—
So few, that gathering o'er the spacious earth
A full collection of untainted worth,
Scarce could you find a number, free from guile,
To match the gates of Thebes, or mouths of Nile.

Such are the horrors of our modern times,
They bleach the blackness of all former crimes.
The age of iron has long since been past,
And four besides, each blacker than the last ;
A ninth succeeds, compared with which, of old,
The age of iron was an age of gold ;
An age, which nature dares not even name,

Nor yields a metal to express its shame.
The faith of gods and men our lips attest,
Loud as a great man's pimps applaud his jest.
But hoary infant; art thou still to know
With what bright charms another's treasures glow?
Go! fetch the rattle of thy childhood, go!
What peals of laughter rise on every side!
How all the town thy simpleness deride!
To see thee ask, and with a serious brow,
That any mortal be not perjured now;
To see thee now, of any man require
Faith in a god, and terror of hell-fire.
These tenets truly our forefathers held,
Ere from this throne old Saturn was expelled,
Before he laid his diadem aside,
And in the rustic sickle took a pride,
While Ida's caves were yet the haunts of Jove,
Nor virgin Juno, conscious of his love.
No revels then were ever seen to rise
Among the heavenly tenants of the skies;
No Trojan boy, no Hebe's form divine,
To fill the goblets with inflaming wine;
With unwashed hands, no smutty Vulcan came
To quaff the nectar, from his anvil's flame.
Each god was then content to dine alone,
Nor was our motley mob of god-heads known;
Small were the numbers of the blest abode;
Nor weighed down wretched Atlas with the load;
No gloomy Pluto ruled the realms of shade,

Nor yet had ravished the Sicilian maid.
Hell then no wheel, no rock, no furies bore,
No vulture's pounces dripped with ghostly gore;
But cheerful spirits ranged the valleys gay.
Nor of infernal monarchs owned the sway.
A fraud was held a wonder in that age;
And in the presence of a hoary sage,
Had any younger man to rise forborne,
However blest with ampler stores of corn,
To them a crime of dye so black it seemed,
As by naught else but death could be redeemed.
The like respect by beardless boys was shown
To those whose faces were but just o'ergrown;
Such awe four years precedence could engage,
And youth's first blossom bore the fruits of age.

Now, if your friend should not betray his trust,
But give you back your coins with all their rust,
It seems a miracle of higher strain,
Than all the Tuscan sybil books contain,
And, in memorial of so strange a deed,
A votive lamb should on the altar bleed.
If now mine eyes a man of virtue greet,
I think a double-headed child to meet
Not more surprising were it to behold
A plough-share dig up fish, or mules with foal;
Rain fall in pebbles, or in wildest shapes
Bees, clustering on a temple's roof like grapes,
Or rivers, rushing with tremendous sweep,
To pour a milky torrent in the deep.

The loss of fifty ducats you deplore,
See your next neighbor filched of ten times more ;
By a like fraud behold a third complain
His loss of all his strong-box could contain.
So prone, so ready are we to despise
The single testimonial of the skies,
Unless a mortal sanction too be given,
And *man* confirm the evidence of *Heaven* !
Look ! with what seeming purity of breast
And steady face he dares his faith attest
Swears by the solar beams, the bolts of Jove,
And thy full quiver, huntress of the grove ;
By Mars' lance, Apollo's arrows drear,
By Neptune's trident, and Minerva's spear,
Alcides' bow, and whatsoe'er beside
From all heaven's arsenal can be supplied ;
And, if a father—sooner be my food
My infant's flesh, he cries, my drink his blood !

There are who deem that Fortune governs all ;
That no Supreme Disposer rules the ball ;
That Nature's energies alone suffice
To make successive days and seasons rise ;
Hence, with intrepid brow, such men as these
To sanction falsehood, any altar seize,

Another trembles lest the vengeance due,
Of gods offended, should his crimes pursue ;
Believes in gods, yet stains with guilt his soul,
And thus attempts his terrors to control
“ Deal with my body as thou wilt,” he cries,

“ Great Isis ! and with blindness strike my eyes,
If peacefully, though blind, I may but hold
The price of perjury, the pilfered gold.
What is a palsied side, a broken leg,
Compared with indigence, compelled to beg
The fleetest runner would, beyond a doubt,
Give all his swiftness for a wealthy gout;
Nay, should he hesitate in such a case,
Send for his doctor and his waistcoat lace;
For what can all his racing talent boot ?
A hungry stomach and a nimble foot.
And what avails the olive round his head,
While puffed with glory, he must pine for bread ?
The anger of the gods, though great, is slow ;
Nor will their mercy doom to endless woe ;
And if they punish every guilty soul,
Before my turn comes what long years may roll !
Perhaps their wrath is pacified with ease,
And oft they overlook such faults as these ;
For the same deed, as good or ill luck reigns,
One wields a sceptre, and one hangs in chains.’
Thus having lulled his conscience to repose,
Before you to the sacred fane he goes ;
Nay, drags you thither, with indignant ear
The oath of fraud and perfidy to hear ;
For, with the multitude, guilt’s face of brass
For conscious innocence will often pass.
See ! how he lays his hand upon his heart,
And like a finished actor plays his part !

You, plunder'd of your trust, with piercing cries,
In vain, with voice like Stentor, rend the skies,
Or rather, like old Homer's Mars exclaim,
"Hear'st thou all this, great Jove, in silence tame,
When all thy fury, at such vows accurst,
From lips of brass or marble ought to burst?
Else, wherefore burns our incense at thy shrine?
Why, on thy altars, bleed the calves or swine?
Since no distinction, I perceive, were just,
Between your statues and a dancer's bust."

Yet hear what comfort an unlettered friend,
Though from no school derived, can recommend;
Who never made the cynic rule his own,
Nor that of stoics, differing but in gown;
Nor yet has learned the maxims to obey
Of Epicurus, in his garden gay.

When dire diseases rack your feeble frame,
Call for some doctor of distinguished fame;
But in a case like yours, of trifling pain,
To Philip's pupil you may trust your vein.

Expressly show that since the world began
A deed so base was never done by man;
Then, I object no longer, tear your hair,
And beat your face and bosom in despair;
At such a dread misfortune close your gates,
With lamentation loud accuse the Fates,
Heave deeper groans, tears more abundant shed
For money pilfered than a father dead.
No man in this case feigns of grief a show;

Content to wear the formal suits of woe,
And fret his eyes to strain a seeming tear,
No! for lost gold our sorrows are sincere!

But if the like complaint with yours you meet,
Where'er you turn your eyes in every street;
If every day shows men who boldly dare
Their own hand-writing to a bond forswear;
Proved by ten witnesses their deed deny,
And gravely give their solemn seal the lie,
Must thou from common miseries be free?
And art thou formed of better clay than we?
Thou, favored by the gods with special grace;
We, the vile refuse of a worthless race?

Thine eyes to crimes of deeper baseness turn,
And thy small loss to bear with patience learn;
See this man's slave with robber bands conspire,
Behold that mansion blaze with bidden fire:
See, from yon antique temple stolen away,
The massive goblet, venerably gray!
Gifts from which nations once derived renown,
Or some old monarch's consecrated crown.
Are these not there? behold the villain ply
To rasp the gilding from Alcides' thigh,
Strike off the nose from Neptune's aged form,
Or strip the bracelet from young Castor's arm;
Why should he dread of minor gods the frown,
Wont the whole thunderer bravely to melt down?

The guilt of blood see other wretches share,
And one the poison sell, and one prepare!

See, to a harmless, hapless, monkey tied,
Plunged in the briny deep the parricide;
Yet in this list how small a part appear
Of all the crimes that meet the Prætor's ear,
And he from Hesper's dawn till closing day must hear.
The manners of mankind wouldst thou be taught,
With full instruction that one house is fraught;
But a few days attend the trials there,
And then to call thyself unhappy, dare.

Who feels astonishment affect his mind
Amidst the Alps a tumid throat to find?
Or who behold in Meroe, with surprise,
A dug surpass the child it feeds in size?
On seeing Germans, who would think to stare
At azure eyes and golden-colored hair,
And crisped locks, with ointments which distill?
Such they were made by Nature's sovereign will
Clap but a cloud of Thracian cranes their wings,
Lo! to his arms the pigmy warrior springs!
But soon, unequal to resistance, flies,
Clenched in relentless clutches through the skies.
Among ourselves a sight like this would make
Your sides, no doubt, with ceaseless laughter shake;
But there, though common, 'tis no laughing sight,
Where the whole tribe is not a foot in height,

"But shall the wretch all penalties evade,
For friendship perjur'd, and for trust betrayed?"
Suppose him seized, in chains, and at your will,
(What would vindictive anger more?) to kill;

Yet would your damage still the same remain,
Nor could his death restore the trust again;
How poor a comfort, to relieve your woe,
The blood that from his headless trunk would flow!

“But vengeance, even more than life, is sweet;”
Yes! to those minds of heedless, headlong heat,
Which blaze at every spark, however small,
And often kindle without cause at all:
Not Thales thus, nor thus Chrysippus speaks,
Not thus the best and wisest of the Greeks—
The godlike Socrates—who, galled with chains,
To share the hemlock with his foe disdains.
True wisdom points to virtue's path, and frees
From every vice and error, by degrees;
The noble soul above revenge we find,
'Tis the poor pleasure of a puny mind:
If proof you need, contemplate female spite;
In vengeance none like women take delight.

But, canst thou deem from all chastisement freed
Men who beneath the scourge of conscience bleed?
By scorpions stung, their teeth in fury gnash,
And writhe with anguish at the secret lash?
Oh! trust me, friend, the judge in hell below
Cannot on crimes inflict so deep a woe
As that poor mortal feels, by guilt oppressed,
Doomed day and night to bear the witness in his breast.

A Spartan once to Delphi's fane repaired,
And to consult the god's opinion dared,
Whether he might retain entrusted gold,

And with a solemn oath the fraud uphold !
The priestess answered, with indignant air,
The doubt alone its punishment should bear ;
Th' insulting doubt that in the question lies,
If great Apollo would a crime advise.
The frightened Spartan, by compulsion just,
From fear, not virtue, straight restored the trust ;
Yet soon he found, that, from the sacred fane,
His doom deserved was not denounced in vain :
Himself, his offspring, all his hapless race,
Swept from the earth, left not behind a trace.
By such hard penalties must men atone
The fault of meditated wrong alone ;
He guilt incurs who merely guilt intends—
How much more he, then, who in act offends ?
Perpetual anguish preys upon his breast,
Nor, even at his meals, allows him rest.
His sickened palate, nauseating, heaves
At every morsel that his mouth receives !
Loathes the fine fragrance of long-hoarded vines,
The cordial drop, distilled from Alban wines ;
While his knit brows, if choicer still you bring,
Of sour Falernian seem to mark the sting.
At night, if when his limbs have long been spread,
In restless tossings, over all his bed,
Short slumber comes at last to close his eyes,
In dreams he sees the hallowed temple rise
Before him violated altars stand,
And gods offended, with uplifted hand ;

But, what his breast with torture chiefly rends
Larger than life thy sacred form ascends,
With deadly fears his dastard soul to press,
And force his lips their falsehood to confess.
Heaven's earliest murmurs cause his heart to fail
And every flash of lightning turns him pale;
By storms or chance impelled, no bolts can fly,
He thinks, but vengeance hurls it from on high.
If, yet unhurt, he sees one storm pass o'er.
He only trembles at the next the more.
If in his side he feels the slightest pains,
Or sleepless fever riot in his veins,
The weapons of a god he fancies these,
Sent to afflict his body with disease.
For health he dares not ask the powers divine,
With votive offerings at the sacred shrine;
For oh! what mercy can the guilty mind,
In illness, hope from angry heaven to find?
What bleeding victims for his crimes atone,
Whose life were not more precious than his own?
With what a changeful, sickliness of soul,
The varying tempers of the wicked roll!
Crimes to commit how bold they are and strong!
But soon they learn to know the right from wrong.
Yet stubborn nature all amendment spurns,
And to her evil practices returns.
For what offender ever yet was found
Who to his vices could prescribe a bound?
The blush of shame, when once expelled the face,

Who ever saw it reassume its place ?
In all thy life's experience, hast thou known
A man contented with one crime alone ?

The wretch who wronged you, in the toils soon caught,
Shall to some prison's gloomy cell be brought ;
Or to some dreary rock of banishment,
For famous exiles noted, shall be sent ;
Then shall the sufferings of your perjured foe
Sweet consolation on your soul bestow ;
And then, at last, shall your rejoicing mind
Confess the gods are neither deaf nor blind.



VERSION OF THE ONE HUNDRED SEVENTH
PSALM.

O THAT the race of men would raise
 Their voices to their heavenly King,
 And with the sacrifice of praise
 The glories of Jehovah sing!—
 Ye navigators of the sea,
 Your course on ocean's tides who keep,
 And there Jehovah's wonders see,
 His wonders in the briny deep!

He speaks; conflicting whirlwinds fly;
 The waves in swelling torrents flow;
 They mount, aspire to heaven on high;
 They sink, as if to hell below:
 Their souls with terror melt away;
 They stagger as if drunk with wine
 Their skill is vain,—to thee they pray;
 O, save them, Energy divine!

He stays the storm; the waves subside;
 Their hearts with rapture are inspired;
 Soft breezes waft them o'er the tide,
 In gladness, to their port desired:

O that mankind the song would raise,
Jehovah's goodness to proclaim!
Assembled nations shout his praise,
Assembled elders bless his name!

5*



THE HOUR-GLASS.

ALAS ! how swift the moments fly !
How flash the years along !
Scarce here, yet gone already by,
The burden of a song.
See childhood, youth, and manhood pass,
And age, with furrowed brow ;
Time was—Time shall be—drain the glass—
But where in Time is *now* ?

Time is the measure but of change ;
No present hour is found ;
The past, the future, fill the range
Of Time's unceasing round.
Where, then, is *now* ? In realms above,
With God's atoning Lamb
In regions of eternal love,
Where sits enthroned I AM.

Then, pilgrim, let thy joys and tears
On Time no longer lean ;
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
From earth's affections wean :

To God let votive accents rise ;
With truth, with virtue, live ;
So all the bliss that Time denies
Eternity shall give.



SABBATH MORNING

55

HARK! 'tis the holy temple's bell;
 The voice that summons me to prayer:
 My heart, each roving fancy quell;
 Come, to the house of God repair.

44

There, while, in orison sublime,
 Souls to the throne of God ascend,
 Let no unhallowed child of time
 Profane pollutions with them blend.

44

How for thy wants canst thou implore,
 Crave for thy frailties pardon free,
 Of praise the votive tribute pour,
 Or bend, in thanks, the grateful knee,—

66

If, from the awful King of kings,
 Each bauble lures thy soul astray;
 If to this dust of earth it clings,
 And, fickle, flies from heaven away;

Pure as the blessed seraph's vow,
O, let the sacred concert rise ;
Intent with humble rapture bow,
Adore the ruler of the skies.

Bid earth-born atoms all depart ;
Within thyself collected, fall ;
And give one day, rebellious heart,
Unsullied to the Lord of all



THE DEATH OF CHILDREN.

SURE, to the mansions of the blest
When infant innocence ascends,
Some angel brighter than the rest
The spotless spirit's flight attends.

On wings of ecstasy they rise,
Beyond where worlds material roll
Till some fair sister of the skies
Receives the unpolluted soul

There, at the Almighty Father's hand,
Nearest the throne of living light,
The choirs of infant seraphs stand,
And dazzling shine, where all are bright.

That inextinguishable beam,
With dust united at our birth,
Sheds a more dim, discolored gleam,
The more it lingers upon earth.

Closed in this dark abode of clay,
The stream of glory faintly burns,
Nor unobscured the lucid ray
To its own native fount returns.

But when the Lord of mortal breath
Decrees his bounty to resume.
And points the silent shaft of death,
Which speeds an infant to the tomb—

No passion fierce, no low desire,
Has quenched the radiance of the flame;
Back to its God the living fire
Returns unsullied, as it came



WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

LORD of all worlds, let thanks and praise
To thee forever fill my soul;
With blessings thou hast crowned my days—
My heart, my head, my hand control:
O, let no vain presumption rise,
No impious murmur in my heart,
To crave the boon thy will denies,
Or shrink from ill thy hands impart.

Thy child am I, and not an hour,
Revolving in the orbs above,
But brings some token of thy power,
But brings some token of thy love:
And shall this bosom dare repine,
In darkness dare deny the dawn,
Or spurn the treasures of the mine,
Because one diamond is withdrawn?

The fool denies, the fool alone,
Thy being, Lord, and boundless might,
Denies the firmament, thy throne,
Denies the sun's meridian light;

Denies the fashion of his frame,
The voice he hears, the breath he draws;
O idiot atheist! to proclaim
Effects unnumbered without cause.

Matter and mind, mysterious one,
Are man's for threescore years and ten;
Where, ere the thread of life was spun?
Where, when reduced to dust again?
All-seeing God, the doubt suppress;
The doubt thou only canst relieve;
My soul thy Saviour-Son shall bless,
Fly to thy gospel, and believe.



HYMN FOR THE TWENTY-SECOND OF
DECEMBER.

WHEN o'er the billow-heaving deep,
The fathers of our race,
The precepts of their God to keep,
Sought here their resting-place—

That gracious God their path prepared,
Preserved from every harm,
And still for their protection bared
His everlasting arm.

His breath, inspiring every gale,
Impels them o'er the main;
His guardian angels spread the sail,
And tempests howl in vain.

For them old ocean's rocks are smoothed
December's face grows mild;
To vernal airs her blasts are soothed,
And all their rage beguiled.

When Famine rolls her haggard eyes,
His ever-bounteous hand
Abundance from the sea supplies,
And treasures from the sand.

Nor yet his tender mercies cease ;
His overruling plan
Inclines to gentleness and peace
The heart of savage man.

And can our stony bosoms be
To all these wonders blind ?
Nor swell with thankfulness to thee,
O Parent of mankind ?

All-gracious God, inflame our zeal ;
Dispense one blessing more ;
Grant us thy boundless love to feel,
Thy goodness to adore.



O GOD, WITH GOODNESS ALL THY OWN.

O God, with goodness all thy own,
In mercy cause thy face to shine;
So shall thy ways on earth be known,
Thy saving health and power divine:
O, let the gladdening nations sing,
And praise thy name with hallowed mirth,
For thou of righteousness art King,
And rulest all the subject earth.

O, let the people praise the Lord;
The people all thy praise express;
And earth her plenty shall afford,
And God, yea, our own God, shall bless;
Our God his blessing shall bestow;
His power, his goodness, shall appear;
And all the ends of earth shall know
And worship him with holy fear.



SING TO JEHOVAH A NEW SONG.

SING to Jehovah a new song,
For deeds of wonder he hath done ;
His arm in holiness is strong ;
His hand the victory hath won :
The Lord salvation hath made known ;
His goodness o'er the world extends ;
His truth to Israel's house is shown ;
His power to earth's remotest ends.

Shout to Jehovah, all the earth,
Break forth in joy, exult, and sing ;
Let voice, let clarion speak your mirth,
Trumpet and harp proclaim your King :
Roar, ocean, to thy lowest deep ;
Shout, earth, and all therein that dwell ;
Floods, clap your hands as on you sweep :
Mountains, the choral anthem swell.

Let heaven, and earth, and sea, combine,
Jehovah's holy name to bless ;
Creation owns his power divine,
The universe his righteousness ;

He comes in judgment to display
Resistless right and boundless grace
The world with equity to sway,
And blessings shed o'er all our race.



O, ALL YE PEOPLE, CLAP YOUR HANDS.

O, ALL ye people, clap your hands,
Shout unto God with holy mirth;
In fearful majesty he stands;
He is the Monarch of the earth:
Before us nations he subdues,
And prostrates kingdoms at our feet;
For us a portion he shall choose
In favored Jacob's chosen seat.

God, with a shout, to heaven ascends;
Sing praises to our God and King:
Hark! the loud tempest ether rends;
Sing praises, praises, praises sing.
His power Creation's orb sustains;
Sing hymns of praise to him alone:
Jehovah o'er the nations reigns;
He sits upon his holy throne.

See gathering princes, men of might,
In crowds from earth's remotest shore,
With us in worship all unite,
And Abraham's God with us adore:

The shields of earth are all his own,
And, far o'er human ken sublime,
Eternal pillars prop his throne,
Beyond the bounds of space and time.



TURN TO THE STARS OF HEAVEN THINE EYES.

TURN to the stars of heaven thine eyes,
And God shall meet thee there ;
Exalt thy vision to the skies,
His glory they declare ;
Day speaks to day, night teaches night,
The wonders of their frame,
And all in harmony unite
Their Maker to proclaim.

Earth has no language, man no speech,
But gives their voice a tongue ;
Their words the world's foundations reach ;
Their hymn in heaven is sung ;
Pavilioned there in glory bright,
As from a blooming bride,
The sun comes forth in floods of light,
With all a bridegroom's pride.

Glad, like a giant for the race,
His orient flame ascends,
Soars through the boundless realms of space,
And in the west descends ;

70 TURN TO THE STARS OF HEAVEN THINE EYES.

His heat the vital lamp bestows,
The firmament pervades,
In ocean's darkest caverns glows,
And earth's profoundest shades.



O LORD MY GOD ! HOW GREAT ART THOU !

55

O LORD my God ! how great art thou !
With honor and with glory crowned ;
Light's dazzling splendors veil thy brow,
And gird the universe around.

66

Spirits and angels thou hast made ;
Thy ministers a flaming fire ;
By thee were earth's foundations laid ;
At thy rebuke the floods retire.

44

Thine are the fountains of the deep ;
By thee their waters swell or fail ;
Up to the mountain's summit creep,
Or shrink beneath the lowly vale.

44

Thy fingers mark their utmost bound ;
That bound the waters may not pass ;
Their moisture swells the teeming ground,
And paints the valleys o'er with grass.

The waving harvest, Lord, is thine ;
The vineyard, and the olive's juice ;
Corn, wine, and oil, by thee combine,
Life, gladness, beauty, to produce.

The moon for seasons thou hast made,
The sun for change of day and night ;
Of darkness thine the deepest shade,
And thine the day's meridian light.

O Lord, thy works are all divine ;
In wisdom hast thou made them all ;
Earth's teeming multitudes are thine ;
Thine—peopled ocean's great and small.

All these on thee for life depend ;
Thy spirit speaks, and they are born ;
They gather what thy bounties send ;
Thy hand of plenty fills the horn.

Thy face is hidden—they turn pale,
With terror quake, with anguish burn ;
Their breath thou givest to the gale ;
They die, and to their dust return.

And thou, my soul, with pure delight,
Thy voice to bless thy Maker raise ;
His praise let morning sing to night,
And night to morn repeat his praise.

O LORD, THY ALL-DISCERNING EYES.

O LORD, thy all-discerning eyes
My inmost purpose see ;
My deeds, my words, my thoughts, arise
Alike disclosed to thee :
My sitting down, my rising up,
Broad noon, and deepest night,
My path, my pillow, and my cup,
Are open to thy sight.

Before, behind, I meet thine eye,
And feel thy heavy hand :
Such knowledge is for me too high,
To reach or understand :
What of thy wonders can I know ?
What of thy purpose see ?
Where from thy spirit shall I go ?
Where from thy presence flee ?

If I ascend to heaven on high,
Or make my bed in hell ;
Or take the morning's wings, and fly
O'er ocean's bounds to dwell ;

Or seek, from thee, a hiding-place
Amid the gloom of night—
Alike to thee are time and space,
The darkness and the light.



MY SOUL, BEFORE THY MAKER KNEEL.

My soul, before thy Maker kneel ;
His name let all within me bless ;
'Tis he the wounded heart shall heal ;
'Tis he shall comfort in distress :
My soul, his name forget not thou,
Who e'en in tender mercy frowns,
Forgives thy oft-forgotten vow,
And still thy lips with blessing crowns.

The Lord of mercy and of grace,
To kindness swift, to anger slow,
Not always wears a chiding face,
Not always bends the avenging bow :
Above the earth as heaven is high,
Above our crimes his mercies rise :
We sin—but pardon still is nigh ;
Fools—he rewards us as the wise.

Far distant as the adverse poles,
Our sins he scatters to the wild,
Pities the frailties of our souls—
A father's pity for his child :

He knows our frame ;—our days are grass ;
The fading floweret's bloom is o'er ;
Let but a breeze of morning pass,
The place shall never know it more.

But far beyond the bounds of time
The mercies of the Lord are sure ;
Throughout eternity sublime
His truth and justice shall endure :
His grace of those who keep his law
Shall on the children's children fall ;
His throne high heaven beholds with awe ;
His kingdom ruleth over all.



FOR THEE IN ZION WAITETH PRAISE.

For thee in Zion waiteth praise,
O God, O thou that hearest prayer ;
To thee the suppliant voice we raise ;
To thee shall all mankind repair.
On thee the ends of earth rely ;
In thee the distant seas confide ;
By thee the mountains brave the sky,
And girded by thy strength abide.

Thou speakest to the tempest peace ;
The roaring wave obeys thy nod ;
The tumults of the people cease ;
Earth trembles at the voice of God :
The morning's dawn, the evening's shade,
Alike thy power with gladness see ;
The fields from thee the rains receive,
And swell with fruitfulness by thee.

Thy river, gracious God, o'erflows ;
Its streams for human wants provide ;
At thy command the harvest grows,
By thy refreshing showers supplied :

Thy bounty clothes the plains with grass ;
Thy path drops fatness as it goes ;
And wheresoe'er thy footsteps pass,
The desert blossoms like the rose.

Thy goodness crowns the circling year ;
The wilderness repeats thy voice ;
The mountains clad with flocks appear ;
The hills on every side rejoice ;
And harvests from the valleys spring ;
The reaper's sickle they employ ;
And, hark ! how hill and valley ring
With universal shouts of joy !



MY SHEPHERD IS THE LORD ON HIGH.

Mr Shepherd is the Lord on high ;
His hand supplies me still ;
In pastures green he makes me lie,
Beside the rippling rill :
He cheers my soul, relieves my woes,
His glory to display ;
The paths of righteousness he shows,
And leads me in his way.

Though walking through death's dismal shade,
No evil will I fear ;
Thy rod, thy staff shall lend me aid,
For thou art ever near :
For me a table thou dost spread
In presence of my foes ;
With oil thou dost anoint my head ;
By thee my cup o'erflows.

Thy goodness and thy mercy sure
Shall bless me all my days ;
And I, with lips sincere and pure,
Will celebrate thy praise.

Yes, in the temple of the Lord
Forever I will dwell ;
To after time thy name record,
And of thy glory tell.



SEND FORTH, O GOD, THY TRUTH AND LIGHT.

SEND forth, O God, thy truth and light,
And let them lead me still,
Undaunted, in the paths of right,
Up to thy holy hill :
Then to thy altar will I spring,
And in my God rejoice
And praise shall tune the trembling string,
And gratitude my voice.

O why, my soul, art thou cast down ?
Within me why distressed ?
Thy hopes the God of grace shall crown ;
He yet shall make thee blessed ;
To him, my never-failing Friend,
I bow, and kiss the rod ;
To him shall thanks and praise ascend,
My Saviour and my God.



O JUDGE ME, LORD, FOR THOU ART JUST.

O JUDGE me, Lord, for thou art just ;
 Thy statutes are my pride ;
 In thee alone I put my trust ;
 I therefore shall not slide :
 O prove me, try my reins and heart ;
 Thy mercies, Lord, I know ;
 I never took the scorner's part,
 Nor with the vain will go.

Of sinners I detest the bands,
 Nor with them will offend ;
 In innocence will wash my hands,
 And at thine altar bend ;
 There, with thanksgiving's grateful voice,
 Thy wondrous works will tell :
 I love the mansions of thy choice,
 And where thine honors dwell.



O HEAL ME, LORD, FOR I AM WEAK.

O HEAL me, Lord, for I am weak ;
My bones are vexed with pain ;
Let not thy hot displeasure speak ;
Thy burning wrath restrain.
My soul what sore vexations try !
How long shall they assail ?
Return, and listen to my cry ;
Let mercy, Lord, prevail.

Of thee no memory remains
In death's relentless cave ;
To thee ascend no grateful strains
Of glory from the grave :
With ceaseless pain I groan and weep,
So cruel are my foes ;
My very couch in tears I steep,
My bed with grief o'erflows.

Depart from me, all who rejoice
Iniquity to share ;
The Lord hath heard my moaning voice,
And listened to my prayer ;

What though my foes despise the Lord,
And my destruction plot ?
Vexation shall be their reward,
And sudden shame their lot.



BLEST IS THE MORTAL WHOSE DELIGHT

BLEST is the mortal whose delight
Is in the precepts of the Lord,
Who meditates them day and night,
And hears the holy gospel's word ;
From the blasphemer's counsel turns,
Disdains his slanders to repeat,
The luring path of sinners spurns,
Nor sits upon the scorner's seat.

For him prosperity shall flow ;
Whate'er he undertakes shall thrive ;
But with the wicked 'tis not so ;
Like chaff before the wind they drive :
He, like the fruit-tree's planted stem,
Beside the river's brink shall bear,
While the green leaf shall fade for them,
Nor wealth nor honors shall they share.

In vain to mortal eyes concealed
The paths of righteousness and crime
To Heaven's all-seeing eye revealed,
Man shall discern them, too, in time

The blessing of the Lord shall fall
Upon the dwelling of the just ;
While, by the doom of sinners, all
Their hopes shall crumble into dust.



WHY SHOULD I FEAR IN EVIL DAYS.

WHY should I fear in evil days,
With snares encompassed all around ?
What trust can transient treasures raise
For them in riches who abound ?
His brother who from death can save ?
What wealth can ransom him from God ?
What mine of gold defraud the grave ?
What hoards but vanish at his nod ?

To live forever is their dream ;
Their houses by their name they call ;
While, borne by time's relentless stream,
Around them wise and foolish fall ;
Their riches others must divide ;
They plant, but others reap the fruit ;
In honor man cannot abide,
To death devoted, like the brute.

This is their folly, this their way ;
And yet in this their sons delight ;
Like sheep, of death the destined prey,
The future scorn of the upright ;

The grave their beauty shall consume,
Their dwellings never see them more ;
But God shall raise me from the tomb,
And life for endless time restore.

What though thy foe in wealth increase,
And fame and glory crown his head ?
Fear not, for all at death shall cease,
Nor fame, nor glory, crown the dead :
While prospering all around thee smiled,
Yet to the grave shalt thou descend ;
The senseless pride of fortune's child
Shall share the brute creation's end.



COME, LET US SING UNTO THE LORD.

COME, let us sing unto the Lord,
The Rock of our salvation sing,
With joyful noise his praise record,
And thanks before his presence bring:
Great is Jehovah, great our God,
Exalted above all his throne;
The depths of earth obey his nod;
The mountain tops are all his own.

He made the sea; the land he made;
And both his matchless power reveal:
O, be the Lord our God obeyed;
O, come, before him let us kneel:
He is our Maker—we his flock,
His people, by his pastures fed:
Let not your hearts be turned to rock;
O, hear his warning voice with dread.

8*



SING TO THE LORD A SONG OF PRAISE

SING to the Lord a song of praise ;
Assemble, ye who love his name ;
Let congregated millions raise
Triumphant glory's loud acclaim :
From earth's remotest regions come ;
Come, greet your Maker, and your King ;
With harp, with timbrel, and with drum,
His praise let hill and valley sing.

Your praise the Lord will not disdain ;
The humble soul is his delight ;
Saints, on your couches swell the strain,
Break the dull stillness of the night ;
Rejoice in glory ; bid the storm,
Bid thunder's voice his praise expand ;
And, while your lips the chorus form,
Grasp for the fight his vengeful brand.

Go forth in arms ; Jehovah reigns ;
Their graves let foul oppressors find ;
Bind all their sceptred kings in chains ;
Their peers with iron fetters bind.

Then to the Lord shall praise ascend;
Then all mankind, with one accord,
And freedom's voice, till time shall end,
In pealing anthems, praise the Lord.



LORD OF ALL WORLDS.

LORD of all worlds, let thanks and praise
To thee forever fill my soul ;
With blessings thou hast crowned my days,—
My heart, my head, my hand control :
O, let no vain presumptions rise,
No impious murmur in my heart,
To crave the boon thy will denies,
Or shrink from ill thy hands impart.

Thy child am I, and not an hour,
Revolving in the orbs above,
But brings some token of thy power,
But brings some token of thy love ;
And shall this bosom dare repine,
In darkness dare deny the dawn,
Or spurn the treasures of the mine,
Because one diamond is withdrawn ?

The fool denies, the fool alone,
Thy being, Lord, and boundless might ;
Denies the firmament, thy throne,
Denies the sun's meridian light ;

Denies the fashion of his frame,
The voice he hears, the breath he draws ;
O idiot atheist ! to proclaim
Effects unnumbered without cause !

Matter and mind, mysterious one,
Are man's for threescore years and ten ;
Where, ere the thread of life was spun ?
Where, when reduced to dust again ?
All-seeing God, the doubt suppress ;
The doubt thou only canst relieve ;
My soul thy Saviour-Son shall bless,
Fly to thy gospel, and believe.



JUSTICE.

AN ODE.

I.

CHILD of the dust! to yonder skies
Thy vision canst thou turn?
And trace with perishable eyes,
The seats where seraphs burn?
There, by the throne of God on high,
An angel form canst thou descry,
Ineffably sublime?
Or is the effulgence of the Light,
Intense, insufferably bright,
For beings born of Time?

II.

That angel form, in light enshrined,
Beside the living throne,
Is Justice, still to heaven confined—
For God is just alone.
This Angel, of celestial birth,
Her faint resemblance here on earth

Has sent, mankind to guide—
Yet, though obscured her brightest beams,
Still with too vivid ray she gleams
For Mortals to abide.

III.

When the first father of our race
Against his God rebelled,
Was banished from his Maker's face,
From Paradise expelled;
For guilt unbounded to atone,
What bound could punishment have known,
Had Justice dealt the blow?
Sure, to infernal regions hurled,
His doom had been a flaming world
Of never ending woe!

IV.

But Mercy, from the throne of God,
Extended forth her hand;
Withheld th' exterminating rod,
And quenched the flaming brand:
His blood the blest Redeemer gave,
Th' apostate victim's blood to save,
And fill redemption's plan:
Angels proclaimed in choral songs,
"Justice to God alone belongs,
And Mercy pardons man."

V.

When, issuing from the savage wild,
Man forms the social tie,
Justice severe, and Mercy mild,
To bind the compact vie ;
Of each his own, the parting hedge
Stern Justice takes the solemn pledge ;
The sacred vow enjoins.
While Mercy, with benignant face,
Bids man his fellow-man embrace,
And heart with heart entwines.

VI.

To both united is the trust
Of human laws consigned ;
One teaches mortals to be just ;
The other, to be kind ;
Yet shall not Justice always wear
The garb of punishment, or bear
The avenging sword to smite :
Nor Mercy's ever gladdening eye
Permit the ruffian to defy
Th' unerring rule of right.

VII.

To Justice, dearer far the part
To tune the plausive voice ;
Of Virtue to delight the heart,
And bid the good rejoice.

To yield the meed of grateful praise--
The deathless monument to raise,
 To honor Virtue dead ;
Or wreath the chaplet of renown,
The laurel or the mural crown,
 For living Virtue's head.

VIII.

Here, to defend his native land,
 His sword the patriot draws ;
Here the mock hero lifts his hand
 To aid a tyrant's cause.
When, meeting on the field of blood
They pour the sanguinary flood,
 Whose triumph waves unfurled ?
Alas ! let Cheronea tell ;
Or plains where godlike Brutus fell,
 Or Cæsar won the world !

IX.

In arms, when hostile nations rise
 And blood the strife decides,
'Tis brutal force awards the prize,
 Her head while Justice hides.
But short is force's triumph base :
Justice unveils her awful face,
 And hurls him from the steep ;
Strips from his brow the wreath of fame,

And after ages load his name
With curses loud and deep.

X.

Behold the lettered sage devote
The labors of his mind,
His country's welfare to promote,
And benefit mankind.
Lo! from the blackest caves of hell,
A phalanx fierce of monsters fell,
Combine their fearful bands—
His fame asperse, his toils assail;
Till Justice holds aloft her scale
And shields him from their hands.

XI.

Of excellence, in every clime,
'Tis thus the lot is cast;
Passion usurps the present time,
But Justice rules the past:
Envy, and selfishness, and pride,
The passing hours of man divide
With unresisted sway;
But Justice comes, with noiseless tread,
O'ertakes the filmy spider's thread
And sweeps the net away.

XII.

Eternal Spirit! Lord supreme
Of blessing and of woe!

Of Justice, ever living stream !

Whose mercies ceaseless flow—

Make me, while earth shall be my span,

Just to my fellow-mortal, man,

Whate'er my lot may be.

And when this transient scene is o'er,

Pure let my deathless spirit soar,

And Mercy find from thee.



TO SALLY.

*"Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis, neque arcu."*

THE man in righteousness array'd,
A pure and blameless liver,
Needs not the keen Toledo blade,
Nor venom-freighted quiver.
What though he wind his toilsome way
O'er regions wild and weary—
Through Zara's burning desert stray ;
Or Asia's jungles dreary :

What though he plough the billowy deep
By lunar light, or solar,
Meet the resistless Simoon's sweep,
Or iceberg circumpolar.
In bog or quagmire deep and dank,
His foot shall never settle ;
He mounts the summit of Mont Blanc,
Or Popocatapetl.

On Chimborazo's breathless height,
He treads o'er burning lava ;

Or snuffs the Bohan Upas blight,
The deathful plant of Java.
Through every peril he shall pass,
By Virtue's shield protected ;
And still by Truth's unerring glass
His path shall be directed.

Else wherefore was it, Thursday last,
While strolling down the valley
Defenceless, musing as I pass'd
A canzonet to Sally ;
A 'wolf,' with mouth protruding snout,
Forth from the thicket bounded—
I clapped my hands and raised a shout—
He heard—and fled—confounded.

Tangier nor Tunis never bred
An animal more crabbed ;
Nor Fez, dry nurse of lions, fed
A monster half so rabid.
Nor Ararat so fierce a beast
Has seen, since days of Noah ;
Nor strong, more eager for a feast,
The fell constrictor boa.

Oh ! place me where the solar beam
Has scorch'd all verdure vernal ;
Or on the polar verge extreme,
Block'd up with ice eternal—

Still shall my voice's tender lays
Of love remain unbroken ;
And still my charming SALLY praise,
Sweet smiling and sweet spoken.



TO E—— B——

Oh ! wherefore, Lady, was my lot
Cast from thy own so far ?
Why, by kind Fortune, live we not
Beneath one blessed star ?
For, had thy thread of life and mine
But side by side been spun,
My heart had panted to entwine
The tissue into ONE.

And why should Time conspire
To sever us in twain ?
And wherefore have I run my race,
And cannot start again ?
Thy thread, how long ! how short is mine .
Mine spent—thine scarce begun :
Alas ! we never can entwine
The tissue into ONE

But, take my blessings on thy name—
The blessing of a sire ;
Not from a lover's furnace flame—
'Tis from a holier fire :

A thread unseen beside of thine
By fairy forms is spun—
And holy hands shall soon entwine
The tissue into ONE.



TO A LADY

WHO PRESENTED HIM A PAIR OF KNIT GLOVES.

Who shall say that public life
Is nothing but discordant strife ?
And he whose heart is tuned to love,
Tender and gentle as the dove,
Must whet his talons, night and day,
For conflicts with the birds of prey ?

This world is fashioned, Lady fair,
Of Joy and Sorrow, Ease and Care ;
Of sudden changes, small and great ;
Of upward and of downward fate :
And whoso bends his mood to trace
The annals of man's fallen race,
May sigh to find that nature's plan
Is ruthless war from man to man.
But nature, cruel to be kind,
Not to war only man consigned ;
But gave him woman on the spot,
To mingle pleasure in his lot :
That if with man war cannot cease,
With woman reigns eternal peace.

Fair Lady, I have lived on earth
Nigh fourscore summers from my birth ;
And half the sorrows I have felt
Have by my brother man been dealt ;
And all the ills I have endured
By man inflicted, woman cured.
The glove from man to man, thou know'st,
Of fierce defiance is the boast ;
And cast in anger on the floor,
To mortal combat shows the door :
But gloves from woman's gentle hand,
Of cordial Friendship bear the wand ;
And in return a single glove
Betokens emblematic Love.

Thy gift, fair Ellen, then I take,
And cherish for the giver's sake ;
And while they shelter from the storm
My hands, the heart alike shall warm ;
And speed for thee to God above,
The fervid prayer of faithful love.



THE LIP AND THE HEART.

ONE day between the Lip and the Heart
A wordless strife arose,
Which was expertest in the art
His purpose to disclose.

The Lip called forth the vassal Tongue,
And made him vouch—a lie !
The slave his servile anthem sung,
And brav'd the listening sky.

The Heart to speak in vain essay'd,
Nor could his purpose reach—
His will nor voice nor tongue obeyed,
His silence was his speech.

Mark thou their difference, child of earth !
While each performs his part,
Not all the lip can speak is worth
The silence of the heart.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

IN days of yore, the poet's pen
From wing of bird was plundered ;
Perhaps of goose, but, now and then,
From Jove's own eagle sundered.
But now metallic pens disclose
Alone the poet's numbers
In iron inspiration glows,
Or with the minstrel slumbers.

Fair damsel ! could my pen impart,
In prose or lofty rhyme,
The pure emotions of my heart,
To speed the flight of time ;
What metal from the womb of earth
Could worth intrinsic bear,
To stamp with corresponding worth
The blessings thou shouldst share ?



A VISION.

FATIGUED with labor, and with care opprest,
At once my mind and body sought for rest.
The drowsy god upon my aching head,
With liberal hand, his friendly poppies shed,
When, lo ! before me wondrous scenes appeared,
Strange things I saw, and stranger things I heard ;
On purple pinions borne, the god of Love,
With rapid flight, descended from above.
His golden quiver by a ribbon slung,
In graceful ease across his shoulder hung ;
The fatal bow, his ensign of command,
With dire intent he wielded in his hand.
He saw *me* first, and took a feathered dart,
Prepared his bow, and levelled at my heart ;
I turned around, his posture I espied :
“ Oh, spare me, Cupid, cruel god ! ” I cried,
“ Behold around yon swarms of youthful swains,
The blood of passion boiling in their veins ;
'Tis theirs from love to gather perfect bliss,
On beauty's lips to print the burning kiss.
'Tis theirs to find enjoyment in a sigh,
And read their fortunes in a virgin's eye.

But *me*, whom *nature* formed without an art
To win the soul or captivate the heart—
Me, whom the Graces view with stern disdain,
As scarcely fit to join the Muses' train;
From me what trophies couldst thou hope to raise?
So poor a conquest, who would deign to praise?
By Cupid's hand should I be doomed to bleed,
Not even Cupid would avow the deed.
While prostrate millions bow before thy shrine
With willing hearts, thou canst not wish for mine."

"Mistaken youth!" the wanton god replied,
"To think that Love will e'er submit to Pride;
Though willing thousands call upon my name,
Though prostrate millions celebrate my fame,
If one proud heart my empire could despise,
One heart defy the power of beauty's eyes,
My useless bow at once I would destroy,
Nor ever more one feathered dart employ;
My mercy then in vain you would implore,
Your peace of mind it never could restore.
And yet some merit I will grant thy plea,
And in thy favor soften the decree.
Of all the fair that grace the verdant plain,
Choose for thyself the object of thy pain.
Shouldst thou prefer the beauties of the face,
Or in the form admire peculiar grace—
Should sparkling eyes inspire a pleasing flame,
Or rosy cheeks a fond attention claim—

Whatever charm thy fancy can suggest,
In some kind virgin thou mayst still be blest;
For in the search we possibly may find
Some who possess the beauties of the mind."

He ceased to speak, and waved his potent wand—
The virgin throng arose at his command.
Unnumbered beauties rise before my view,
Bright as the sunbeam on the morning dew,
The short, the tall, the fair, the brown, appeared,
The prude that pouted, the coquette that leered,
The timid maid just blooming at fifteen,
And the stale virgin, withered, pale, and lean.
With all the charms of beauty richly fraught,
Lucinda first my close attention caught.
A faultless person and a lovely mind,
I found, with wonder, were in her combined;
Deficient only in a single part,
She wanted nothing but a *feeling heart*!
Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
From passion's gales Lucinda's heart was free
A faithless lover she may well defy,
Recall her heart, nor breathe a single sigh.
And should a second prove inconstant too,
She changes on till she can find one true.
Belinda next advances with a stride,
A compound strange of *vanity* and *pride*.
Around her face no wanton Cupids play,
Her tawny skin defies the god of day.

Loud was her laugh, undaunted was her look,
And folly seemed to dictate what she spoke.
In vain the poet's and musician's art
Combined to move the passions of her heart ;
Belinda's voice like grating hinges groans,
And in harsh thunder roars a lover's moans.
I turned away, the fair Narcissa smiled,
Her winning softness all my soul beguiled ;
My heart with rapture dwelt upon her charms,
And hoped to clasp her beauties to my arms ;
But soon I found those ardent hopes were vain,
Narcissa viewed my passion with disdain.
And can the sex by nature formed for love,
Each soft impression from the heart remove ?
Can idle vanity betray the mind
To wish, and even strive to be unkind ?
Use cunning arts to raise the lover's sigh,
Then view his woes with a disdainful eye ?
Yes, there are such—but when avenging time
Withers their charms, and strips them of their prime,
Their former follies they in vain lament,
Of former cruelties in vain repent ;
Their fate in one short line may be comprised :
While young, they're hated, and when old, despised.
Vanessa came, a smile adorned her face,
Her words were sweetness, and her voice was grace ;
No raging passions burn within her breast,
Not even envy can disturb her rest.
Her lovely mind a *rival's* worth can own,

Nor thinks all charms confined to her alone ;
And if the fair Vanessa could be taught
To store her mind with larger funds of thought,
Her volubility of tongue repress,
Think somewhat more, and prattle somewhat less,
The palm of excellence she well might claim,
And *Love* himself might tune the voice of fame.
But lo! Corinna next in rank appears,
And riots in the bloom of early years.
With innate warmth of constitution blest,
Her greatest pleasure is to be caressed ;
Her lips sip rapture from an amorous kiss,
Viewed as a pledge of more endearing bliss.
But frugal Nature wisely did dispense,
With so much love, a slender share of *sense* ;
For Nature grants but to a chosen few
To taste the joys of mind and body too.
Gigantic limbs in painful buckram cased,
Assumed the honors of a slender waist.
But ah ! what power of buckram can restrain
The wild effusions of a *thoughtless brain*.
Nerea next advances in the throng,
And affectation leads the maid along ;
With studied step she steers amid the band,
And holds a senseless novel in her hand.
Fair is her face, and elegant her form,
Her manners gentle, and her heart is warm.
Why will Nerea spend her youthful days
In wild romances and insipid plays ;

Where idle tales in flimsy language told,
Exhibit folly in a pleasing mould ?
Fictitious evils enervate the breast,
Deprave the morals, and corrupt the taste.
Almira next, in dubious form is seen—
Her face is female, masculine her mien ;
With equal skill, no mortal can pretend
The varied faults of either sex to blend.
To woman's weakness add the pride of man,
And wield alike the dagger and the fan.
In fairest forms, can evil passions dwell ?
The virgin's breast can envy's venom swell ?
Can malice dart her rage from beauty's eye,
Or give the snow-white cheek a crimson dye
Where then are all the tender virtues flown—
And why was strength dispensed to man alone ?
The lamb to vie with lions ne'er pretend—
The timid dove with eagles ne'er contend.
Attempt not then, ye fair, to rule by fear,
The surest female weapon is a tear.
To beauty, strangers destitute of grace,
With varied nothing pictured in their face,
A motley crowd in quick succession came,
Distinguished only by a differing name,
Till, breaking forth in all the pride of day,
The sun of beauty drove those clouds away.
With graceful steps the lovely CLARA moved,
I saw, I gazed, I listened, and I LOVED.
The fleeting vision vanished from my mind,

But *love* and *Clara* still remained behind.
Ye faithful lovers, whom the Muse inspires,
Who feel the rapture of poetic fires ;
Whose tender strains describe with matchless art
The soft emotions of a feeling heart ;
Come, and before the lovely Clara's shrine,
The mingled tribute of your praises join.
My Clara's charms, no vulgar poets claim,
No servile bard that clips the wings of fame,
To vile acrostic tunes, unmeaning lays,
Or in a rebus centres all his praise.
The partial gods presiding at her birth
Gave Clara beauty when they gave her worth.
Kind Nature formed of purest white her skin,
An emblem of her *innocence* within ;
And called on cheerful Health, her aid to lend,
The rose's colors on her cheeks to blend ;
While Venus added, to complete the fair,
The eyes blue languish and the golden hair.
But far superior charms exalt her *mind*,
Adorned by nature and by art refined ;
Hers are the lasting beauties of the *heart*,
The charms which nature only can impart ;
The generous purpose and the soul sincere,
Meek sorrow's sigh and gentle pity's tear.
Ah, lovely Clara ! can a heart like thine,
Accept the tribute of a muse like mine ?
Should these poor lays attract thy beauteous eye,
Say, would they raise one sympathetic sigh ?

Voice to the Young : or Lectures for the Times.

By WILLIAM W. PATTON. One 12mo. vol.

The lectures contained in this volume are not made up of merely common place remarks. They are elevated in sentiment, chaste in style, and impressive in manner. No person who reads the volume can fail to profit by it, or to admire the evangelical views and elegant language of the author. The work deserves to be a favorite with young men.—*Northern Christian Advocate*.

It is a genial, earnest, manly book. The author is himself a remarkable example of independent thinking and philanthropic feeling. The bugle note which he sounds to young men is no uncertain sound. He goes with his whole soul for bettering the world, where he thinks it bad, and few of the young men who heard his lectures or shall read his book, will not be strongly inclined to go with him. We cordially advise all young men who are anxious to do and be something in this universe, to cultivate an acquaintance with Mr. Patton or his book.—*Boston Chronotype*.

There are seven lectures in this volume devoted to subjects rather unusual in a work of this kind, and having the impress of earnest feeling and reflection. That some of the points are overstated does not detract from the exceeding value and importance of most of the views presented—all the more important because so infrequently attended to in the pulpit, or in works designed for the young. The book is written in a perspicuous and forcible style, and both from its matter and spirit is likely to become popular and useful.—*New York Evangelist*.

This is an excellent book—excellent in its purpose, in its execution, and in its adaptation to the present day. In some respects this book differs from all kindred works that we have seen. As a writer Mr. Patton is lucid, earnest, and direct, never obscure and seldom other than forcible. Regarded merely as a literary performance we must pronounce these lectures highly creditable. Their timely and important moral inculcations should commend them more especially to the friends of religion and entitle them to a place in every christian household.—*Charter Oak*.

These are able and earnest lectures to young men, delivered to the author's congregation in Hartford, and contain many valuable considerations and glowing appeals to rouse the youth to diligence, courage, and faith in the struggle of life.—*New York Observer*.

The counsels, warnings, and encouragements, to the young, contained in this volume, are, as designed, adapted to the times. It is interesting in its style as well as matter, and cannot fail to profit that class to whom it is addressed.—*The (Boston) Puritan*.

The author of these lectures is himself a young man. He has addressed those of his own age, not with the stern reproof or grave counsel of a father, but with the affectionate entreaty, kind, yet faithful warning of a brother. The subjects of the lectures are judiciously selected and cannot fail of doing good to those who are soon to bear the burdens and responsibilities of society.—*Boston Recorder*.

A volume of lectures, seven in number, on subjects of vast importance, and written with much force. The book will profit those who read it.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

The lectures were delivered on Sabbath evenings to densely crowded audiences, and were spoken of in terms of high praise at the time. At the request of many who heard them they are now published. The lectures are valuable, containing a vast amount of good advice and information for that class of persons for whom they were originally designed, and in a time like the present, when pernicious literature appears to be the order of the day, they are still more acceptable.—(*Hartford*) *Christian Secretary*.

We can positively say that the object of the work is most praiseworthy, the subjects treated of are important, the counsels it contains are weighty, and are enforced in a happy style with a spirit well calculated to gain the attention of those who are addressed.—*Hartford (Ct.) Courant*.

In design and execution it is worthy to go side by side with the late popular and widely circulated work known as Beecher's Lectures to Young Men. The fifth lecture is well suited to our columns and we hope to give it a place ere long.—*N. Y. Advocate and Family Guardian*.

The Odd Fellows' Amulet : or the principles of Odd Fellowship defined ; the objections to the order answered ; and its advantages maintained ; with an address to the public, the ladies, and the order. By Rev. D. W. BRISTOL, Pastor of the M. E. Church, and P. G. of Osco Lodge, No. 304, at Auburn, N. Y.

The Rev. Mr. Bristol, the author of the above work, is a popular clergyman of the Methodist church. He appears to have written the work not merely for Odd Fellows, but to disabuse the public mind, if possible, of prejudices formed against the Order. A spirit and design of apparent sincerity appears to pervade the entire work, and the writer discusses his themes and meets the objections urged against Odd Fellows, with a great deal of candor and respect. No person, we think, can read it, whatever may have been his prejudices hitherto, without having those prejudices at least, considerably softened, if not wholly taken away. The style of the writer is captivating, while the arrangement and classification of his subjects adds interest to the volume. We have no hesitancy in recommending the Amulet as a book that may be read by the public — *Genesee Evangelist*.

We have wiled away several hours pleasantly and profitably in its perusal, and can recommend it as a work deserving of a large circulation. The principles of the Order are set forth by its author, the Rev. D. W. Bristol, a distinguished Methodist clergyman, in a masterly manner, objections instituted by many to the Order, are fairly tested, and answered in a mild and satisfactory way. It is a cheap and useful work, and we cheerfully recommend it to public favor. — *Mirror of the Times*.

Able and exceedingly interesting articles, that we would most cordially commend to the attention of every reader, while we are gratified at being able to bring them under the notice of members of the great Order. The work contains also Addresses by Rev. D. W. Bristol, and is embellished with several fine Steel Engravings. Fully and correctly defining the principles of O. F., it should fill a niche in the library of every Odd Fellow, where it will furnish a mine of valuable matter whence he can draw at all times for the facts illustrative of the great principles of the noble institution of Odd Fellowship. — *Golden Rule*.

It is an excellent work, and worthy of the patronage of the Order. The objections often urged against our institution, are most thoroughly examined, and ably answered. The book is got up in good style, and is offered at a low price. — *The Ark*.

We should think that every lover of the Order which this book upholds would adorn his library with it ; and every person that is opposed to it should also have one so that they could see their objections answered. We would say to every lover of the poor and afflicted, buy one and peruse it for yourselves and see what the Odd Fellows do for them. Its motto is "Do unto others as ye would have others do unto you." — *The Bee*.

This is a clear, forcible, and well written exposition of the subjects above named ; and a book that every Odd Fellow in the country should be in possession of. The work is well got up, and embellished with several fine engravings appropriate to the subject of which it treats. It is sold at the low price of one dollar, and can be mailed to any part of the United States. — *Banner of the Union*.

For thee, my heart with vivid ardor glows,
For thee, my blood with rapid impulse flows.
By day *thy beauties* are my darling theme,
By night thy image sweetens many a dream.
On thee, thy ardent lover's fate depends,
From thee, the evil or the boon descends;
Thy choice alone can make my anxious breast,
Supremely wretched or supremely blest !



The Life of General Lafayette. By P. C. HEADLEY, author of the Life of Josephine. Auburn: Derby & Miller.

A very useful and popular book Mr. Headley will find that he has here sent forth. Though rather too eulogistic, and written up to a high pitch of patriotism, it narrates in a clear, sustained, and energetic history, the deeds of a remarkable man, placed in a remarkable position. Connected as he was with some of the most stirring incidents of our revolutionary era, and of two French experiments at imitation, his life introduces a great number of historic passages of extraordinary interest, which the graphic pen of Mr. Headley presents in a highly dramatic and spirited form. It will be read, and read with interest, by all who take it up. The young, especially, will find it not only an engaging, but a very suggestive and useful work, coloring important historical facts with good moral and philanthropic sentiment. It is neatly printed, and does honor to the thriving inland city it hails from.—*New York Evangelist*.

Mr. Headley has sketched in an easy and graceful style the life of one whom Americans must ever delight to honor. The author has evidently formed a just conception of biography, and has avoided the extremes of barren detail, and of elaborate, fulsome eulogy. There is hardly an attempt at mere fine writing, but a very successful portraiture of the magnanimous General.—*New York Independent*.

"The man of two worlds," alike in his character, the unselfish incidents of his life and his patriotic associates in the great events of his history, presented to Mr. Headley a grand theatre on which to develop his descriptive powers—and his graphic pen has not failed to hold up before the mental eye of his readers a full portrait of the remarkable man and his patriotic, self-sacrificing deeds. Few characters stand on the historic page so illustriously attired, from youth to old age, in the moral sublime, as the subject of this memoir. But the priceless beauty of the work before us, is the high estimate our author puts upon morality and religion, and the great lesson he thus instills into the minds and hearts of his readers. The printing and binding are executed in a neat and workmanlike manner.—*Christian Advocate*.

The name of Lafayette is so intimately linked with the history of our Revolution, and so closely associated with that of Washington, that it is a matter of wonder that we have not long since had a memoir of his life that would do justice to his career as a soldier and civilian, and give us the means of forming an intelligent, as well as an admiring estimate of the true nobleness of his character. We have, indeed, had biographies of the man, or compilations called such; but prepared with little reference to chronological order, and doing but scant justice to that portion of his history not immediately connected with our struggle for political independence. Mr. Headley has therefore supplied, in this volume, a desideratum which many have felt, and given the youth of our country the means of studying one of the purest models of chivalry that the world has ever seen. Lafayette was no ordinary man. His character was singularly elevated, unselfish, and consistent, and no truer friend of liberty ever periled fortune and life in its behalf. It was not a mere romantic impulse that induced him to leave the honors and delights of his native land, to share the hardships and the perils of an infant nation battling against fearful odds for the boon of liberty; but a true devotion to the right, a manly sympathy with the oppressed, and a no less manly hatred of tyranny in all its forms. The facts of his history, as detailed by Mr. Headley, show this. We are glad to have our mind refreshed with these details, and confess that our admiration of Lafayette has deepened with the perusal of these pages. It is, therefore, with no empty form of words, but with an earnestness born of this admiration, that we commend Mr. Headley's work to the American public, as the best biography of its illustrious subject that we have yet had, and as worthy of a place in the library of every American citizen.

One word as to the general style of the publications of Derby & Miller, whose enterprise is fast gaining for them a conspicuous position among the book publishers of our land. In neatness of typography, quality of paper, and beauty of binding, their works will compare favorably with those of eastern publishers generally, and we notice a steady improvement in these particulars, as the circle of their business widens and their issues multiply. They deserve success, and we believe that their energy and enterprise will command it.—*Standard*.

The Lives of Mary and Martha, mother and wife of Washington: by Margaret C. Conkling, with a steel portrait, 18mo, scarlet cloth.

MISS CONKLING, who is a daughter of Judge Conkling of Auburn, is favorably known as the author of Harper's translation of "Florian's History of the Moors of Spain." She also wrote "Isabel, or the Trials of the Heart." In the preparation of the pretty little volume she has done a praiseworthy deed, and we hope she will receive the reward she merits. She has taught us in the work

"how divine a thing
A woman may be made."

The mother and wife of Washington were, in many respects, model women, and the daughters of America will do well to study their character — which is finely drawn on these pages. — *Literary Messenger*.

This beautifully printed and elegantly bound little work, reflecting the highest credit upon the skill and task of the publishers, contains biographical sketches of Mary, the mother, and Martha, the wife of the Father of his country. It is a most valuable contribution to the history of the American people, embracing not only the great public events of the century during which the subjects lived, but those pictures of home life, and that exhibition of social manners and customs, which constitute the most important part of life, but which, from the fact of their apparent triviality and intangibility, the historian generally passes over. The authoress evidently sympathises earnestly with her subject, and feels that in the exhibition of those womanly virtues which characterized the heroines of her narrative, she makes the most eloquent plea in favor of the dignity of her sex. It is dedicated to Mrs. Wm. H. SEWARD, and contains a finely executed engraving of the wife of Washington. We cordially commend it to the public, and most especially our lady readers. — *Syracuse Journal*.

This acceptable and well written volume goes forth upon a happy mission.

"To teach us how divine a thing
A woman may be made,"

by unfolding those charms of character which belong to the mother and wife of the hero of the Land of the Free; and in the companionship of which, while they illustrated the watchful tenderness of a mother, and the confiding affections of a wife, is shown those influences which made up the moral sentiments of a man, whose moral grandeur will be felt in all that is future in government or divine in philosophy; and one whose name is adored by all nations, as the leader of man in the progress of government, to that perfection of human rights where all enjoy liberty and equality. To say that Miss Conkling has fulfilled the task she says a "too partial friendship has assigned her" faultlessly, would perhaps be too unmeasured praise, for perfection is seldom attained; but it will not be denied but that her biographies are traced in the chaste elegances that belong to the finished periods of a refined style, which fascinates the reader with what she has thus contributed to our national literature.

The design of the volume is, to picture a *mother* fitting the "Father of his Country" in a light full of the inexhaustible nobleness of woman's nature, and yet as possessing that subdued and quiet simplicity, where Truth becomes the Hope on which Faith looks at the future with a smile. The mother of Washington was tried in a school of practice where frugal habits and active industry were combined with the proverbial excellences of those Virginia matrons, who were worthy mothers of such men as Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, and Henry. Miss C. has pictured with fidelity and elegance, her views of this remarkable woman; not less beautifully has she sketched the character of Martha, the wife; following her from her brilliant manners as the Virginia belle, through the various phases of her life, she gives a rapid but comprehensive view of those characteristics which make up the quiet refinement of manners native to her, and which ever gave her the reputation of an accomplished wife and lady. And with peculiar delicacy Miss Conkling has portrayed the thousand virtues with which she embellished a home; her amiable disposition and winning manners made the happiest to the purest and best of all men fame has chosen for its noblest achievements. — *Syracuse Star*.

THE LIFE OF LOUIS KOSSUTH,

GOVERNOR OF HUNGARY; INCLUDING NOTICES OF THE MEN AND SCENES OF THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION: TO WHICH IS ADDED AN APPENDIX, CONTAINING HIS PRINCIPAL SPEECHES, &c. WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HORACE GREELEY. BY P. C. HEADLEY. Auburn
DERBY & MILLER.

"We have read pretty nearly everything accessible which has been published either in England or this country, in reference to Kossuth and Hungarian affairs, and we are satisfied that this is the clearest, best arranged, and most reliable single volume yet before the public on these absorbing subjects."—*Boston Paper*.

"This is a work that every lover of freedom should be possessed of."—*Waverley Luminary*.

"Mr. Headley has glowingly depicted the causes which brought about the Hungarian war of Independence, painted in his own gorgeous style the battle-fields of that sanguinary strife, and portrayed in the most vivid colors the events which brought about its disastrous result."—*Hampshire Express*.

"As a historical work this volume is valuable. The Hungarian Revolution—its causes—its progress—its termination—all are explained in detail, and with a vividness of description which brings the incidents in almost life-view before the reader."—*Troy Post*.

"It is from the pen of P. C. Headley, well known by his popular historical and biographical writings, and is given in a style of glowing earnestness, eloquence and truthfulness, which must commend it to the taste and judgment of the public."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Its worth and popularity are sufficiently indicated by the fact that about fifteen thousand copies have already been disposed of. It is embellished by a most spirited likeness of the great Magyar."—*Church Ambassador*.

"This American biography of the Hungarian is succinct, spirited, graphic, and so far as our information extends, correct. It is admirably prefaced by Horace Greeley—a preface worth the price of the book—and has an appendix containing Kossuth's principal speeches both in England and America."—*Boston Commonwealth*.

SUMMERFIELD ;

Or, LIFE ON A FARM. By DAY KELLOGG LEE. Auburn:
DERBY & MILLER.

"We have read with lively and satisfied interest. It is the story of a pioneer settlement in Western (now Central) New York, and its gradual transformation from a mere opening in the grand old woods into a populous and thrifty rural township. The scenes are natural, the characters homely and life-like, and the narrative replete with passages of the profoundest pathos, and incidents of almost painful interest. This is evidently the work of no amateur in woodcraft, but one 'to the manor born,' and loving Nature and her children with a son's, a brother's affection. Above all, 'Summerfield' is in the deepest sense religious, and calculated to exert a strong and wholesome moral influence on its readers, who we trust will be many."—*Horace Greeley*.

"It aims to teach the lesson of contentment, and the rural picture which it draws, and the scenes of home happiness with which it makes us acquainted, are well calculated to enforce it."—*Atlas*.

"There is a great deal of life and nature in the story, and in some of the scenes there is a rich display of wit. It were well for the rising generation if all the works of fiction, which almost deluge the world, were equally dignified in their character and harmless in their tendency."—*Argus*.

"A story told with freshness, and in a neat pointed style. It has a flavor of originality, and the descriptions are generally excellent; and, what is something of a peculiarity at present in writing of this kind, not over-burdened with words"—*Literary World*.

"The aim of the author of this little work is to instil into the minds of his readers a lesson of the utmost practical importance, intimately connected with the experience of every-day life. This commendable object he successfully accomplishes in the pages of this charming book. 'Life on a Farm' is presented in all its most attractive features, and yet with the strictest adherence to truth. We heartily commend the work to our readers."—*Albany Register*.

"This is a pleasing and well-written tale, founded on incidents connected with farm-life, and bearing a most instructive and salutary moral. The print, paper, and binding are excellent, and highly creditable to the publishers whose enterprise and thrift have already given them rank with some of the oldest and most prosperous houses of the great cities"—*J. G. Saxe*.

WHAT I SAW IN NEW YORK;

Or, A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF CITY LIFE. By JOEL H. ROSS, M.D.
Auburn: DERBY & MILLER.

"This book contains the observations of a very observing author, who has seen most of what is to be seen in New York, the great emporium of business, pleasure, riches, poverty, avarice, charity and crime. The book contains a great variety of useful information, and is written in a style that cannot fail to please. We predict that it will have a large sale throughout the country. We shall give our readers a few extracts from this volume in our next number."—*Rutland Advertiser*.

"This is, as it professes to be, 'A Bird's Eye View of City Life.' It is a volume of 326 pages, and when we inform our readers that it is from the pen of Dr. Ross, we prepare them to expect a chaste, appropriate and well-written volume. It notices the public institutions, benevolent and scientific societies, &c., and the work is interspersed with sound and excellent remarks upon a variety of topics. When we say that it has been published by those enterprising publishers, Derby and Miller, of Auburn, we need say no more of the merits of its typography, binding, &c."—*Mirror of the Times*.

"This is an excellent book for two classes of persons: first, those who go to New York, and want a guide to enable them to find out the lions; secondly, those who never go thither, but would still like to take in the great idea of the largest American city, as far as they can without the aid of vision. The writer is evidently a person of minute as well as extensive observation, and has spared no pains to render his work worthy of the public patronage."—*Argus*.

"This is a volume of over 300 pages, and embraces a great amount of statistical and other information relative to the great metropolis. The author has drawn from original sources in his accounts of institutions and public charities; his work cannot be without value."—*Albany Atlas*.

What I Saw in London: or, Men and Things in the English Metropolis. By D. W. BARTLETT. Auburn: DERBY & MILLER.

This volume displays nothing of the pride of authorship, but *it has a freshness and animation in its narrative* that are quite attractive, and coming from one of the youngest writers who has ever braved the perils of the press, it has an air of individuality that cannot fail to prepossess the reader in its favor. The author enjoyed good opportunities for observation, and has turned them to excellent account. * * * We copy a few of his rapid portraitures, which have the rare merit of being unaffected and free from exaggeration. The volume contains numerous easy, unpretending sketches of a similar character, with a frequent vein of shrewd remark on manners and society in England. We often meet with a more pretentious traveller—but *seldom with a more agreeable one.*—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The author is a young man, yet he has produced in the volume before us a more readable and valuable work than nine tenths of the books of travel which are constantly pouring from the press. * * * A feature of this volume that will interest many readers is his group of "Sketches of Public Men." These include Tennyson, Dickens, Carlyle, Macaulay, and others.—*Hartford Times.*

The book is racy and spirited. Its descriptions are graphic, and it will be read through with unflagging interest. The author has been the able foreign correspondent of several journals; he gave the best description of the Crystal Palace, we think, of any we saw.—*Boston Olive Branch.*

An air of originality and freshness pervades every page. On the whole, we think it will be regarded as one of the most entertaining books of the season.—*N. E. Farmer.*

He deals with men and things, and the traits of English every-day life, kindly and pleasantly, and he has made a neat volume of excellent reading.—*National Era.*

All the lions in London, literary, artistic, political, military, naval, and clerical, are vividly sketched. We have derived a great deal of information and pleasure from a perusal of this good book.—*Philadelphia City Item.*

Mr. Bartlett has written a book which is the fruit of long residence among, and extensive observation of the great English nation. It is this which gives a value to his work *that few volumes of travels can pretend to*, and which causes us to strongly recommend it to all others.—*Carpet Bag.*

This lively, gossiping volume is a welcome addition to the literature of the day.—*N. Y. Organ.*

The Life of the Empress Josephine, first wife of Napoleon. By P. C. HEADLEY. 12mo., pp. 378. Derby, Miller & Co., Auburn, New York.

There are few of the female characters of modern history whose lives abound with more interesting events than that of the Empress Josephine. Her whole course was one of romantic, and also of tragic interest. If the illustrious husband was eminent, far above all other men of his time, for vast intellect and prodigious achievements, Josephine seemed, in the more lofty and majestic traits of character, to transcend the most distinguished of her female contemporaries. Like her husband, she is a great subject for biography. Many memoirs have been written of her, possessing more or less merit, but none have been without interest. The author of the present book has, we think, been very successful. It is by far the most interesting history of Josephine that we have yet seen. He seems to have had recourse to the best sources for his materials, which he has combined and put together with skill and judgment. His style is flowing, elegant, and often eloquent. In short, it is a book well worth reading. It will not fail to attract the public attention. As to the mechanical execution of the book, it is but justice to the proprietors to say, that it will compare favorably with the productions of the press of any city in the Union. It contains a fine mezzotint portrait of Josephine, showing a beauty of person equalled only by the moral grandeur of her character.—*Washington Union*.

It is not without its sparkling gems. Occasional flashes of thought make the reader pause to contemplate their freshness and beauty, and reveal a well-stored mind in sympathy with the noblest human traits, in close communion with the glories of nature. His text, too, is happily chosen. Who has not felt a lingering, peculiar undefinable interest in the highly extraordinary and tragic career of the Empress Josephine? Would it not extend this notice too far, we should like to touch the more prominent of the many eventful passages which marked the history of this remarkable child of superstition, to gaze for a moment upon the vascillating star of her destiny, and trace its luminous ascent from the veriest depths of agonizing gloom and despair, to the loftiest pinnacle of worldly splendor and renown, where she grasped for a moment the fleeting phantom of happiness, only to sink again into the arms of misfortune, and feel still more keenly the bitter pangs of adversity. But all this will be found in a very readable form in this interesting volume, and we cheerfully commend it to notice.—*Utica Observer*.

We do not know of a biography of this important and interesting personage, so complete in its historic details, and so congenial to the spirit of her life, as this, while it has also the advantage of a popular style, and of that view of the subject which accords with the general sentiment. Mr. Headley writes in a clear, well-sustained and engaging style—evidently entertaining a warm approbation of his subject and alive to the sublimity and purity of her life. Treating of one of the most important epochs of French history, the work is finely adapted to enlist the interest of the reader, and to supply a kind and degree of information not readily accessible elsewhere. It can hardly fail of proving a highly popular, as it is a highly creditable work.—*N. Y. Evangelist*.

The writer of this book is a brother of J. T. Headley, the author of "Napoleon and his Marshals"—"Washington and his Generals," &c. There is a strong family resemblance between the two. The qualities which have given such a wide celebrity to the one, seem to be fully enjoyed by the other. Both brothers are characterized by that peculiar vividness and, so to speak, *intensity* of style which always makes a book readable and interesting. The "Life of Josephine" possesses much of this peculiar charm. The author has studied his subject well and could hardly have chosen a better one to write upon. Josephine is a charmed name to many hearts. There are few who do not feel an interest in her singularly eventful career. At first the daughter of a West India planter,—then the wife of a French nobleman,—anon the consort of Gen. Bonaparte and afterwards Empress of France;—her picture presents us with a scene of constantly increasing brightness, where the dark shades never chase away the light, till we behold her ending a career of dazzling splendor as a dethroned Empress and repudiated wife. Josephine was in many respects a model of a woman.—*Amherst Express*.

Golden Steps to Respectability, Usefulness and Happiness; being a series of Lectures to the youth of both sexes on Character, Principles, Associates, Amusements, Religion, and Marriage. By JOHN MATHER AUSTIN. Derby, Miller & Co., Auburn, 1850. 243 pp.

The author of this book is a writer of superior attraction, and has here selected a subject of deep interest. Could the youth of the country be induced to exchange the Buntline, Lippard, and Ingraham literature of the day, for such reading as this, the benefits to themselves and society would be incalculable.—*Lockport Courier*.

We honor the heart of the writer of this volume as well as his head. He has here addressed an earnest and manly appeal to the young, every page of which proves his sincerity and his desire for their welfare. The subjects treated of in the different lectures are those indicated on the title page. Integrity and virtue, usefulness, truth and honor, are the "Golden Steps" by which the young may ascend to respectability, usefulness, and happiness. We trust the seed thus sown will not be without its fruit, and that his readers will imbibe the spirit of the motto he has chosen—

"Onward! onward! toils despising,
Upward! upward! turn thine eyes,
Only be content when rising,
Fix thy goal amid the skies."

—*Albany State Register*.

The work of Mr. Austin, written in a pleasing style, and nervous and pointed in its argumentation, will hold a prominent position among the fortunate endeavors by which the rising generation are to be influenced. The volume before us is beautiful in its exterior, and this, combined with the aim of the author, in which he has admirably succeeded, will give it a wide range, and secure for it, we hope, an invaluable influence.—*Buffalo Christian Advocate*.

A plain, familiar, forcible exposition of the duties and responsibilities of Youth, which can hardly be read without exerting a salutary and lasting influence. Judging from the popularity of Mr. Austin's former works, we predict for it a wide circulation.—*New York Tribune*.

If the precepts eloquently and forcibly urged in these pages could be brought home and impressed upon the minds of the mass of youth in our land, they would confer lasting and incalculable benefits upon the rising generation. We cordially commend his work to the attention of the young and all who have charge of them.

The publishers have executed their work admirably, and have brought out an elegant and beautiful book. Their work will compare favorably with any of the New York houses.—*Troy Post*.

The following extract has reference to the "golden steps" of the President of the United States, Millard Fillmore:—(See page 69.)

THE LIVES OF ANN H. AND SARAH B. JUDSON,

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF EMILY C. JUDSON, MISSIONARIES TO BURMAH. In Three Parts. BY ARABELLA W. STUART. Auburn: DERBY & MILLER.

"The records of modern Christian heroism contain no brighter name than that of Ann Hasseltine Judson, the first wife of the first American Baptist missionary to the heathen. In the domestic virtues—in Christian courage—in self-sacrificing fidelity to the cause of truth—and in meekness amid trials which would crush an ordinary heart, she has had no superior in any age; and her character cannot be presented too often, or too much contemplated. We have here a narrative of her life without the full history of the mission with which she was connected. The second wife of Adoniram Judson, like the first, was a woman of more than ordinary talents; an enthusiastic lover of missionary work, and meriting, in its highest sense, the appellation of Christian heroine. In sketching her life, Miss Stuart has been aided by fresh material derived from private sources, and has written the most *appropriate* memoir of Sarah Boardman Judson extant. The sketch of the third and living wife of Mr. Judson is, properly, very brief. It is written with a high appreciation of her genius, and contains several of her poems, which *exhibit* that genius. The volume will be a choice work in thousands of Christian families."—*Western Literary Journal*.

"The friends of missions have long known these three women, as the co-workers with that great leader of missionary enterprises, Dr. Judson. It will be then not only profitable but highly interesting for them to find recounted here their deeds of piety and labors of love. The last of the three, who is now on a visit to her home in New York, has been known very widely among the lovers of literature in this country. No name has been more popular among female writers of this country than 'Fanny Forrester.'"—*Burlington Register*.

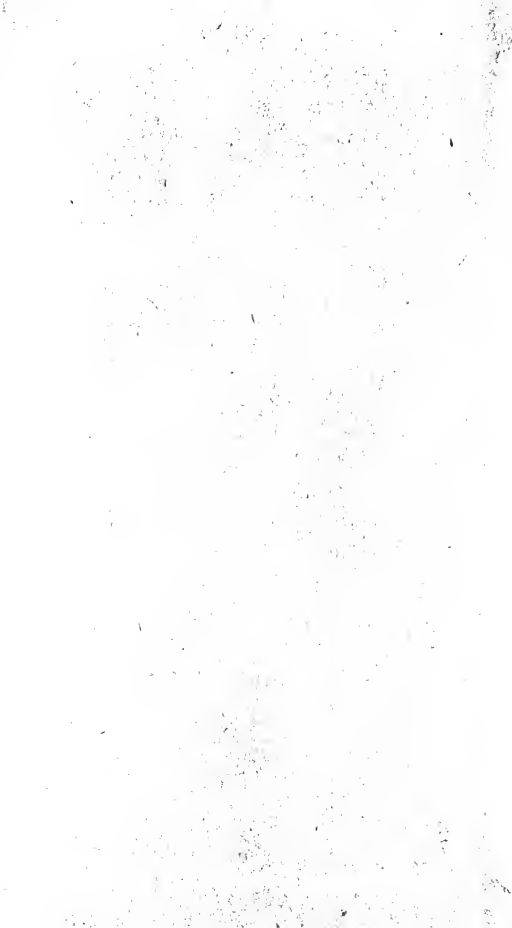
"Our author has made a very agreeable volume of biography, of selections from the writings, &c., of those whose lives she has sketched. It is a most valuable book to be read by females; a record of noble deeds, with elevating tendencies to all over whom it is possible to exercise influence."—*State Register*.

Headley's Women of the Bible: Historical and descriptive sketches of the Women of the Bible, as maidens, wives, and mothers; from Eve of the Old, to the Marys of the New Testament: by Rev. P. C. Headley, in one 12mo. volume, illustrated—uniform with "Headley's Sacred Mountains."

The author of this work possesses enough traits of resemblance to the author of the Sacred Mountains, to leave no doubt of his right to the name of Headley. There is much of that spirited descriptive power, which has made the elder brother a popular favorite, and gives promise of a successful career on his own account. The sketches are brief, and embody all the historic incidents recorded of them.—*New York Evangelist*.

A younger brother of J. T. Headley is the author of this beautiful volume. It will probably have a larger circulation than the splendid work issued last fall by the Messrs. Appleton, being better adapted for the general reader, in form and price, while it is ornamental enough for the centre table. It contains nineteen descriptive biographical sketches, arranged in chronological order, including nearly all the distinguished women of the sacred annals, and forming an outline of Scripture history. The illustrations are from original designs, and are numerous and appropriate. No ordinary powers of imagination and expression are shown in the vivid and picturesque descriptions; and the fine portraiture of character rivets the interest, and set forth the Scripture delineations in a stronger light. In this respect, the book has no rival, for no other is so complete, following so closely at the same time, the sacred narrative. We hope it is but an earnest of other works from the pen of its gifted author — *Home Journal*.

We were so struck with the title of this work, and the prepossessing appearance of its typography, that we have so far departed from the usual course adopted in like cases, as to read carefully the work in hand, before recommending it to our readers. And we are prepared to say, that a more attractive volume has not fallen in our way for a long time. It is made up of brief historical and descriptive eulogies of the most remarkable females of a most extraordinary era in the world's history. The author has appropriated very much of the poetry and romance of the Bible, in the sketches he has given of *nineteen* women, who have come down to us through their peculiar merits, embalmed in sacred inspiration. Whoever reads the story of Sarah, the beautiful Hebrew maiden, the admiration of the Chaldean shepherds and the pride of her kindred; or of Rebecca, whom the "faithful steward of Abraham" journeyed to the land of Nabor and selected as the bride of Isaac, and who, it is said, "was *very fair to look upon*;" or of Rachel, the beautiful shepherdess who tended her father's flocks in the valley of Haran; or of Merriam, Deborah, Jephtha's Daughter, Delilah, Ruth, Queen of Sheba, the Shunamite, Esther, Elizabeth, Virgin Mary, Dorcas, and others — will read a story far more interesting and attractive than any romance or novel. Every young lady in town should read this work, and we will venture to say that they will do so if they but once get hold of it, for it is a book that cannot be laid aside. — *Owego Times*.



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